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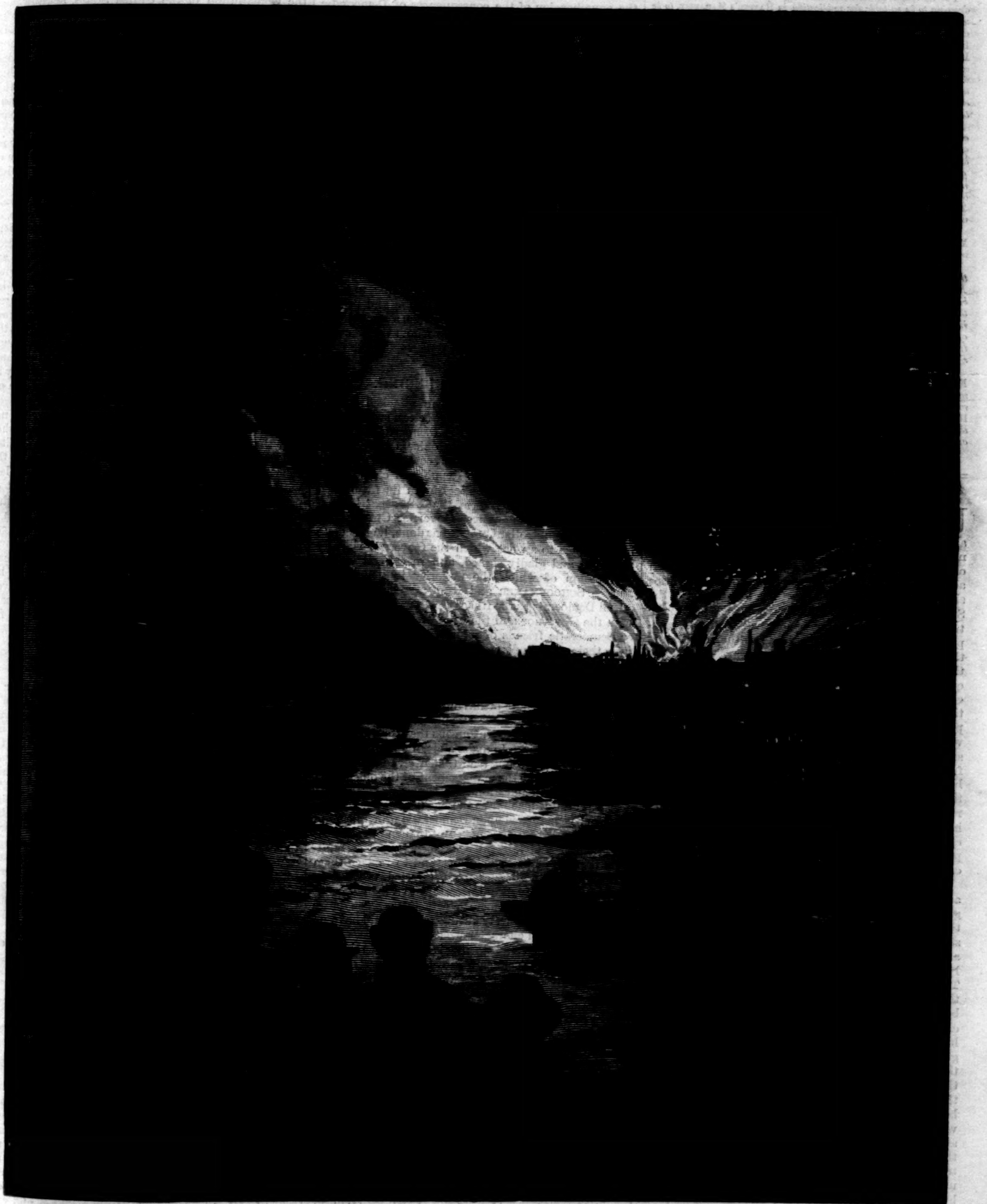


A BIG BLAZE AT HUNTER'S POINT—A CONSTANT MENACE TO NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Sludge Acid Nuisance," Page 123.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 23, 1884.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn" *have reported [see* Harper's Weekly *dated September 1] that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the Messrs. Harper *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age*—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A., Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A., *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* Harper & Brothers', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *for December,* 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $500; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $500; *one page* Harper's Young People, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

Franklin Square, New York, September 8, 1883.

THE ELECTION AND THE CANDIDATES.

UNDOUBTEDLY, under the rule of the National Convention, the Republicans of the Congressional districts can hold their district conventions to select national delegates either without action upon the part of the State Committees, or in direct opposition to such action. If, for instance, the New York Committee should call the district conventions to be a part of the State Convention, or should try to prevent separate district conventions by delaying action altogether, the Republicans of the districts could do as they chose, and their action would be perfectly "regular." But while this district independence is most desirable and unquestionable, it is obviously wiser that all unnecessary conflict and friction should be avoided, and that action should be taken by the State Committee in scrupulous deference to the mandate of the National Convention. The warmth of the discussion upon this subject in New York is very significant. It springs from the fact that the electoral vote of New York is held to be essential to success in the Presidential election, and that the State Committee is not believed to represent the real sentiment of the party. The feeling is aggravated also by the renewed control of the city organization by the old machine, and by supposed intrigues and plans for the success of particular candidates.

It is, we suppose, conceded that with the disappearance of the absurd old unit rule the New York delegation will not be "solid" for any candidate. Even the old machine is not united now, although the instincts of bosses are shrewd for their own interests, and undoubtedly the machine delegates will practically combine upon a candidate when the time comes. That candidate, among those who are chiefly mentioned, would be probably the President. Yet he is by no means the favorite of many of the noted machine leaders in New York, and the general course of his administration, which has commended him to the general regard of the party, has been disagreeable to them. He would, however, be more satisfactory to them than Mr. Blaine. But it is the peculiarity of the situation in New York that he would probably be more satisfactory than Mr. Blaine, also, to those who are known as reform and independent Republicans; and as they really hold the balance of power in the party, this is a very important consideration, if true, and we have no doubt that it is. In speculating upon the position in New York it must be remembered that if certain events make the candidacy of the President distasteful to Garfield Republicans, it is impossible to make Mr. Blaine for a great body of those Republicans the political successor and representative of General Garfield. The ability and personal attraction and the long and conspicuous party service of both of them surrounded each with enthusiastic friends and supporters. But although by the choice of General Garfield they were associated in administration, they were very different men, and belonged to different political schools and sympathies. These differing sympathies would now positively assert themselves, so that the gentlemen who are recognized as "Half-Breed" leaders ought not to assume that Mr. Blaine represents a different political system from that which independent Republicans disapprove.

The situation in New York, indeed, is such that, considering the indispensability to success of its electoral vote, it is a very important question whether any candidate is desirable whose nomination must necessarily have the air of defeat to any considerable number of New York Republicans. Notwithstanding the apprehension of the consequences of Democratic success, the experience of the last few years shows that there is a large vote in New York which, in the common phrase, belongs to the Republican party that would not be cast for certain possible Republican candidates who are named. It would not probably be given to the Democratic ticket, but it would stay at home. The important vote to consider, therefore, is not that which will be thrown for any candidate who may be nominated, but that which will not be thrown as a matter of course merely for that reason. The gentleman who announced that he should vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated has very properly left the Republican party, which has proved that it does not act upon his principle. The Republican candidate to carry New York would be some well-known Republican leader, eminent for ability and for public service, who has never been especially identified with any wing of the party, who has been known always simply and only as a Republican, who is acceptable to reformers and independents, to Half-Breeds and Stalwarts, and whose public and private record is unassailable. If there be such a Republican, his name is that of the candidate whom the Convention ought to nominate.

DEMOCRATIC BLUNDERING.

Comptroller Chapin has been attacked by the Ithaca *Democrat* for not making a clean sweep of his department, a sweep which the *Democrat* is glad to know many of the new State officers have made. The *Democrat* regrets that it advocated his election, and deplores his yielding to Republican clamor, and much more "of the same." But in its frank and stringent hostility to reform the *Democrat* knows, of course, that it denounces Governor Cleveland. Whatever Comptroller Chapin has done, he has done in obedience to an act which the Governor warmly approved and gladly signed, and in concert with a commission of which the majority is Democratic. Messrs. Schoonmaker and Richmond are quite as sound Democrats as the Ithaca *Democrat*, and if they, with the Governor and the Comptroller and the other Democratic friends of reform, are to be dismissed from their party in disgrace, does the Ithaca *Democrat* think that its party chances for the election of a President will be improved?

"Mr. Chapin," it says, "was elected by Democratic votes for the purpose of having the Comptroller's office managed upon Democratic principles and by Democrats." If this statement means that the party politicians expected him to make a clean sweep, it is perhaps true. But is not true that a clean sweep was necessary to secure the management of the office upon Democratic principles and by Democrats. That object was attained, so far as the business of such an office can be "managed upon Democratic principles," by the election of Mr. Chapin. But to turn out skillful, experienced, and faithful book-keepers and accountants because of party opinions, and to replace them with inexperienced successors, selected because of their party activity, is not necessary to a management of the office upon Democratic principles. The duties of such clerks are purely business duties, and have no party or political character whatever.

Moreover, such a proceeding is injurious to the public welfare, and is condemned by the soundest opinion of both parties. It is just as absurd for the Comptroller to dismiss faithful and diligent and efficient clerks in his office, and to fill their places with raw hands selected for political reasons, as it would be for the Central Railroad Company to do the same thing. The Comptroller is entirely at liberty to remove any clerk whom he honestly thinks to be unfitted for his place, and to substitute, upon probation, another who has shown general intelligence and apparent competency upon a fair and open examination. The Ithaca *Democrat* says that Republican politicians laugh at such a system. It is wrong. They used to laugh at it, but now they swear at it, as the *Democrat* does, who, we fear, must be suspected of being a Democratic politician. But however the "politicians" of both parties may swear, the people smile. No politician of any party has yet been able to show why the public business should not be transacted upon business principles, or why an honest clerk who does his duty properly should be dismissed because of any political, religious, philosophical, or scientific opinions which he may hold, and which he does not obtrude upon the office, or upon the discharge of his duties. The Ithaca *Democrat* may wisely recall the fact that for forty years after the establishment of the national government no party "clean sweep" in the civil service was ever made, and the other fact that administration was quite as honest, economical, and efficient under the old system as under the new. The endeavor of the *Democrat* to identify its party with the spoils system is one of the blunders which is always to be expected from that extraordinary party.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

We can not agree with many of our contemporaries, with whom it is always a pleasure to agree, that the pending copyright bill, or the copyright laws, or the Constitution of the United States, acknowledge the author's right of property in his published works, except in a very meagre and limited sense. Mr. Clay's report a half-century ago said, "That authors and inventors have, according to the practice among civilized nations, a property in the respective productions of their genius, is incontestable, and that this property should be protected as effectually as any other property is by law, follows as a legitimate consequence."

But what kind of recognition does this property receive, and what effectual protection? The House of Lords in 1774 decided that the statute of Anne has substituted a short term in copyright for an estate in fee. What kind of recognition of property would that be in the case of an author's house, or horse, or anything else that is his? How would the excellent journals that find a lofty recognition of the sacred right of property in a law which confiscates an author's work after forty-two years, by withdrawing legal protection from his control of it, view a similar provision in regard to their presses and buildings? If the publisher who "pirates" a work during its protected term is a moral offender, a thief who steals the fruit of another man's brains, why is he not as much a thief afterward? If it is knavery to print a man's book during forty-two years, is it any less knavery in the forty-third year? But if the law makes the offense, there is no offense where there is no law.

We do not mean by these questions that we are not very glad of the protection of the control of an author over the publication of his works for even a limited time, and in as many countries as will give him the protection. But we certainly do not hail such a law with enthusiasm as conceding an author's right of property in his published work in the same way that the law recognizes his right of property in others of his productions and possessions. We shall be very glad to see every author made the owner of his own in every country for forty-two years. But we shall be of the opinion in the forty-third year, when his ownership ceases, that the control which was given him for forty-two years was not the acknowledgment of a right, but a bounty to stimulate production for the benefit of the community.

THE PORTER CASE.

It is long since any question has excited deeper or more peculiar interest than that of the vindication of General Fitz-John Porter, and the thorough discussion of the subject, in the light of new evidence, has unquestionably so changed the public feeling that the great majority of 106 votes in the House of Representatives for the passage of the bill restoring him has been very generally accepted as satisfactory. To this feeling, also, the conduct of General Porter himself has largely contributed. This was admirably stated by Mr. Phelps, of New Jersey, who showed that he had pursued the course of a perfectly loyal and patriotic citizen ever since his name was blasted by the verdict of the court-martial. He has borne himself like a man who trusted the just second thought of his country, who was sure that it would not refuse to hear all the truth, and, having heard it, to reverse a wrong verdict.

Many Republicans, indeed, are convinced that after the removal of McClellan there was a "McClellan ring" of general officers whose hearts were not in the Union cause, and who were willing to delay and obstruct and baffle the army, hoping to compel some kind of compromise with the rebellion. This spirit they believe to have occasioned Porter's alleged tardiness and passivity. But this theory, however plausible, can not stand against actual evidence which invalidates it. There is a very wide gulf between dislike of a superior officer and deliberate treachery to one's country, with the blackest personal dishonor. Many Republicans, also, have made it a point of honor to respect a verdict which Garfield rendered and which Lincoln approved. But Garfield was not averse to re-opening the case, and Lincoln was not unfriendly to Porter. Such Republicans also have seen with dissatisfaction that the old "secesh" element in Washington made Porter a hero, and were resolved to regard his restoration as a kind of posthumous victory for the lost cause. But this is not the spirit in which a question involving the national character should be considered. If Garfield and Lincoln approved the verdict, were they informed of everything? and could they reconsider the case as it now appears, would they probably re-affirm their former judgment? These are the substantial questions so far as they are concerned. And even if they should still adhere to the first opinion, why, upon a military question, should not the deliberate conclusion, and with fuller knowledge, of Terry and Schofield and Grant be as weighty as theirs, unless Grant and the others are also under the malign "West Point" influence?

It is not, indeed, of great importance, so far as Lincoln and Garfield and the first military judges are concerned, that in a time of fierce popular passion, and in an excited trial, they should have been unable to see what longer time and ampler knowledge have revealed. But it would be an indelible stain upon the American name that the country should brand as a despicable traitor an honorable soldier and patriotic citizen. And since the question has been raised by the soldier himself, since, taking the risk of a careful, revised, deliberate, and final committal of his name to infamy, he has invoked a fresh judgment, it is not enough to plead that the court-martial at the time was satisfied. That is not denied. But is the country to-day satisfied? Ought it to re-affirm the doom passed upon Porter? That is our question. Practically he is retried, and it is only fair to consider the evidence as if no judgment had been rendered. The bill now goes to the Senate, and General Logan will perhaps try to defeat it. But public feeling is so strong that even if he can prevent the passage of the bill, he can not persuade the country that Fitz-John Porter is a name which should be forever coupled with that of Benedict Arnold.

THE ALDERMEN.

The inquiries of Mr. Roosevelt's committee into the government of the city of New York have already furnished the strongest arguments for the passage of his bill giving to the Mayor the sole power of appointment. The testimony of the Mayor, of Mr. John Kelly, and of Mr. John B. Haskin threw very much more light upon the subject than possibly Mr. Kelly was aware. Quite unconsciously he painted his own portrait as a municipal dictator. The possible candidate was summoned to Mr. Kelly's parlor. He was asked by Mr. Kelly if he knew certain friends of his. The purpose was plain. Mr. Kelly stated that he would not say whether the Mayor gave pledges or not. It was unnecessary, for the Mayor stated that he said that if he were elected by the Democratic organizations, he should think it to be his duty to give to them the patronage of his office. It is not a pleasant story for any gentleman concerned, for it was a bargain.

To hold the Mayor to the fulfillment of the understanding if he should wish to disregard it, Mr. Kelly has the Board of Aldermen. It is a body of unknown and irresponsible persons, representing nothing whatever but Mr. Kelly. They are his dummies, but the Mayor can make no important appointment without their consent. Their consent is given only at the command of Mr. Kelly; and the Mayor, as all the late Mayors have stated, is absolutely powerless. If he persists in nominating fit men, they are rejected, and the city government stops. The analogies drawn as an argument in the case are ridiculous. Under the Tammany management the people can not nominate, nor do they in any just sense elect, the Aldermen; and as for the resemblance to the confirming power of the Senate, the answer is simply that there is no resemblance whatever, and even in the Senate the confirming power is grossly abused.

The New York Board of Aldermen is an institution which simply perpetuates political corruption, and its power of confirmation ought to be abolished. The one object which all intelligent citizens have long desired is a thoroughly responsible municipal Executive. The vigor and ingenuity and pertinacity with which this desire has been opposed by several politicians is the best evidence of their consciousness that it would do very much to purify the city government. The Legislature should insist upon this abolition, and not be diverted by the Gibbs propositions to increase the number of elective offices. It would do well to remember, also, that the opportunities which the present system offers for "deals" between the parties, opportunities of which certain Republican politicians avail themselves, have had a large influence in producing the decline of Republican prestige and power.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

The situation in Egypt is extraordinary. On the one side the prestige of England is imperiled, and on the other there is a movement of the Arabs hostile to Egypt, and of a semi-religious character—a movement which can not be defined or measured. But the general policy of the Gladstone government has been the same, although its action has varied. That policy has been, not to annex Egypt, but to enable the country to establish a stable government. To accomplish this result, however, it is now clear that a strong military and naval force was necessary, and that force the government did not provide. If, under any circumstances, Egypt could establish a stable government for herself, she certainly could not do it while threatened with invasion by a vast horde of victorious fanatics.

The Soudan, which borders Egypt and Nubia on the south, is occupied by this victorious body. Its chief city is Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, the fate of which is as yet unknown. It is to this city that General Gordon is hastening with a small escort. He is a man of the heroic and adventurous type that England produces, who has lived much in the East, and is very familiar with the habits and genius of the Eastern races. He is confident that if he can confer at Khartoum with the Arab leaders he can effect a peaceable settlement by showing them that England is not hostile to them, and does not contemplate the subjugation of the Soudan.

Meanwhile, however, the overwhelming disasters of the Egyptian troops led by English officers may give a resistless impulse to the advance of El Mahdi, the Arab chief, and shake the faith of his followers in the friendly disposition of England. In any case England is concerned that her prestige shall not suffer, but also that she shall not undertake the reconquest of the Soudan for Egypt. It is evident either that she must withdraw from Egypt altogether, or remain in sufficient force to have her own way. The feeling in England is so strong that the murder of General Gordon by the Arabs, whom he seeks to placate and to restore to their authority, would produce great excitement, and perhaps be accepted in England as proof of a fatal dilatoriness upon the part of the government. But the situation in Egypt, as Mr. Gladstone truly says, is one that the present ministry received from their predecessors, and did not create, and the difficulties arising from the "dual control," or an English and French supervision of the government, are merely a legacy from the Jingo *régime*.

MR. BIGLIN'S PROMOTION.

The President has appointed Joseph C. Biglin, an examiner in the Appraiser's Department, to be Assistant Appraiser at New York, in place of the late General James F. Hall. This selection has the merit of promoting a subordinate, but it has not the merit of promoting the subordinate who is the most accomplished expert in that particular branch of the service, and who, solely upon grounds of especial fitness, would doubtless have been preferred.

General Hall's division was that of metals and manufactures of metals, excepting gold and silver, and in that division is Mr. Lewis McMullen, who has been examiner of metals for about forty years, and who is now, we believe, the customs officer of longest service at this port. He is a trusty and competent man, and is considered to be the best expert in the valuation of metals, etc., in the United States.

Mr. McMullen has not been promoted hitherto because of political reasons, and it would have been exceedingly gratifying if the President, in the exercise of his discretion, which has wisely filled the position by promotion, had made a promotion which would not have been open to unfriendly remark.

As Mr. Biglin probably owed his original appointment to his brother Barney, one of the Republican "boys" in this community, the unbelievers will think and aver that his promotion is due less to the spirit and principles of reform than to that relationship and a kind concern for the "boys." It is not one of the acts that have commended the President to public confidence.

THE PRISON REFORM COMMISSION.

Although Governor Cleveland is a Democrat, and presumably a strong party man, he seems always to bear in mind that he was elected, as it were, by the consent of his political opponents, and his administration has not been, in any offensive sense, partisan. This has been shown in many ways, but in none more strikingly than in his nomination of a Commission of five to inquire into the prison labor contract system.

He has selected Theodore W. Dwight, a recognized authority upon the whole subject of the penal system, ex-Speaker Sloan, noted for his fairness, intelligence, and public spirit, ex-Canal Commissioner Ogden, ex-Senator Norman L. Allen, and Walter M. Thayer. Three of the Commissioners are Republicans, one is a Democrat, and one is a Labor Reformer. As the law was passed by a Republican Legislature, the Governor has chosen to give the majority of the Commission to the Republicans, although properly the question is in no sense whatever political. The character of the gentlemen he has selected is the earnest of his desire to secure a representation of all opinions, and to obtain as good a board for the purpose as possible.

The inquiry is most important, and we have a right to expect a report which will regard chiefly a sound penal system, and not the desires of ill-informed persons, of demagogues, or merely the pecuniary advantage of the State. From this action of the Governor, and the energy and intelligence of Mr. Howe at the head of the committee, the friends of wise prison reform may confidently anticipate the best results.

PERSONAL.

It is quite true, writes Mr. William Black, in a private letter, that "Mistress Judith Shakespeare" has proved to be a very troublesome young woman, but it is happily not true that the careful and difficult work which the writing of this novel has involved has put Mr. Black in so deplorable a condition as a recent cable dispatch suggested. Mr. Black, and Mr. Abbey with him, took refuge for a short season of salmon-fishing in the remote wilds of Sutherlandshire, whence they have returned in good health and spirits. Mr. Black expects to finish "Judith Shakespeare," now running in Harper's Magazine, before returning to North Scotland the latter part of March, and Mr. Abbey is hard at work again on the illustrations. The new novel promises to be the best Mr. Black has written.

—Changes in an American's social surroundings are frequent enough, but Messrs. Casilear and Hubbard, the well-known landscape painters, have painted in the same rooms in the Tenth Street Studio Building for a quarter of a century, and Messrs. McEntee, W. H. Beard, and M. F. H. De Haas have occupied their present studios in the same edifice for at least twenty years. But American buyers of pictures do not visit the artist in his studio, as formerly, to purchase of him directly. Almost all art sales are now made through middle-men, some of whom in this city have amassed large fortunes.

—Queen Victoria's new book, a journal of a trip to the Highlands, is a fresh revelation of the deep womanly instincts of the first lady of the British Empire, abounding in expressions of love for her dead husband and her six orphans, and of consideration for her dependents, chief among whom was the much-talked-about John Brown. "His loss to me," she says of the Scotch gillie, "is irreparable, for he deservedly possessed my entire confidence. He served me truly, devotedly, untiringly. To say that he is daily, nay, hourly, missed by me, whose life-long gratitude he won by constant care and devotion, is but a feeble expression of the truth." The throne of so true a woman may well be said to be "firm fixed upon a people's will." Who expected that her book would be an authority on political intrigues?

—The late editor of the London *Times*, Mr. Thomas Chenery, was probably the most scholarly journalist of his day. No great newspaper had ever called to its control an Oxford Professor of Arabic and a translator of the original versions of the Bible until the London *Times* set the precedent, and the best commentary upon its choice is the fact that Mr. Chenery proved himself equal to the task of maintaining the traditions of that paper.

—Mr. Arthur D. F. Randolph has been recently admitted to partnership in the book firm of Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., the senior member of which is known to his business associates as one of the kindest, most genial, and popular members of the book trade in this city.

—Mr. Archibald Forbes is in very poor health, and appears to be a wreck of his old self. In addition to his physical suffering (says a correspondent of the New York *Times*), he has lost in speculation the money he made by his successful lecturing tours.

—Actors, and professional elocutionists in general, are wont to emphasize their pronouns at the expense of their substantives and verbs. That excellent actor Mr. Edwin Booth, for instance, in the sentence, "When should a Spanish gentleman fail to avenge his king?" puts the emphasis on the "his"—almost the only word upon which it is without significance. Yet elocution itself is principally a matter of emphasis and inflection, notwithstanding the miscellaneous writhings of many of our public readers.

—The late Mr. W. W. Carter, of Baltimore, earned a reputation as a collector of rare and curious relics, and when he was dead his executors found such interesting remains as a hair from the head of Henry Clay, a piece of the towel used in stanching the pistol-shot wound made in Mr. Lincoln's head by John Wilkes Booth, eleven photographs of Major-General Hancock in different attitudes, and full reports of the trials of General Sickles and E. S. Stokes. These and other souvenirs have been sold at auction.

—The editor of our esteemed contemporary the Wareham (Massachusetts) *News* calls upon the various Press Associations of that State to labor for an adjustment of advertising rates on a reasonable living basis. "For when a country paper takes an inch advertisement for eight weeks for forty cents, or a trunk-maker's advertisement of one inch in length for five dollars a year, or an insurance agent's advertisement of from three to four inches' space at the same price, business is simply porridge." It certainly is surprising on what slender means even good men suppose editors can live.

—Mr. William McGlory, now of Blackwell's Island, should have read the newspapers. He did not know that he needed a license in order to sell brewers' beer legally.

—The literary and artistic success of Mr. Bartley Campbell's new play, *Separation*, deserves mention as an encouragement to aspiring American dramatists. His first play, *Through Fire*, produced in Pittsburgh some twelve years ago, was in every respect a failure, and most of his latter plays, like *The White Slave*, *The Galley Slave*, and *Siberia*, though profitable financially, have little else to commend them. But in *Separation*, now on the boards of the Union Square Theatre, he shows himself a master of some of the finest literary and artistic resources of the leading French school, and gives pleasure to the most intelligent admirers of Sardou and Feuillet.

—The late Thomas Kinsella, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, who died on the 11th inst., after an illness of three months, was a journalist of unusual ability and enterprise. He rose to his commanding position from the ranks of the compositors of the *Eagle*, with nothing to aid him but his talents, industry, and fidelity; and he made himself so strong that those who did not like him were at least forced to fear him. He leaves an ample fortune to his widow and his five daughters.

—No citizen having the honor of an acquaintance with the New York ladies who are acting as a committee to secure funds for the Bartholdi pedestal by organizing dramatic and other entertainments will question their ability to compel success; and it is doubtless owing to the example of their persevering and systematized efforts that a project for raising subscriptions to the work has been organized at the capital of Nevada, where a central committee, of which Governor Dawes is chairman, has appointed sub-committees for every county in the State. We expect to hear of similar movements in many other commonwealths.

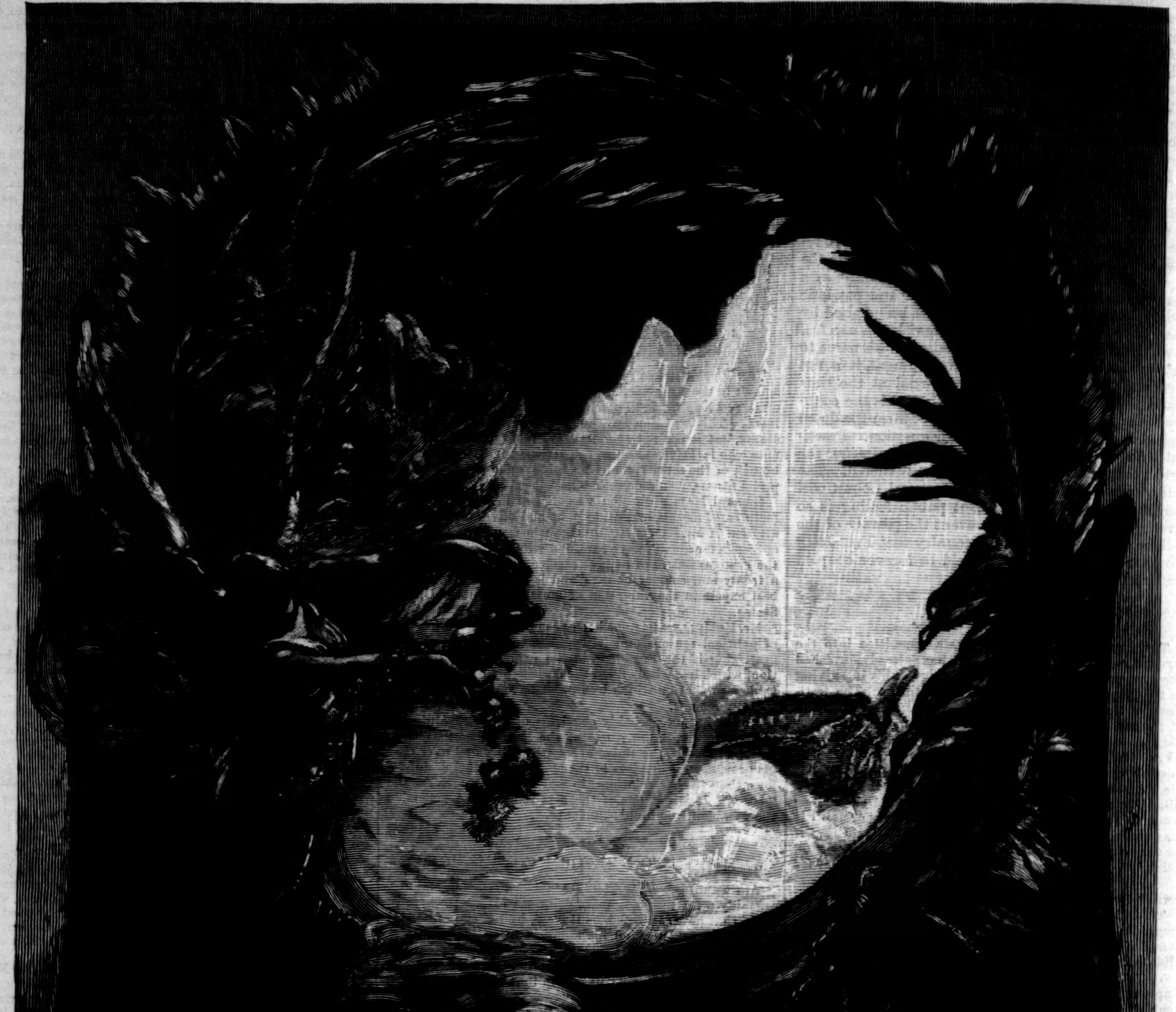
—Mr. George R. Sims, the popular English dramatist, has, according to a foreign correspondent, long been a victim of dyspepsia, to which may be attributed some of his bitterest criticisms of other men's work. "In fact, he said to me once, with reference to a rather disagreeable, and as I thought unjust, article which he had written, 'It is not, I assure you, from ill-nature that I do these things—it is my wretched liver.'" The stomach is mightier than the conscience.

—Miss Emma Abbott in Lucia, as she appeared to a San Francisco critic: "Miss Abbott has a rather small but graceful person, and an irregular face, which seems at first to be one which would not easily lend itself to the requirements of tragedy; but this impression was quickly dissipated, and she showed not only genuine power and complete self-abandonment in her acting, but a wider range of expression than her rather childish features would lead one to expect. Her voice is not one to take an audience by storm, since it lacks volume, but it is of an exquisitely pure quality. In several tones in the middle register there is a slightly nasal quality which makes them seem flat, not in pitch—which is always perfect—but in formation. Her pianos have the rare quality of being as clear, exact, and perfect as her *mezzo voce*."

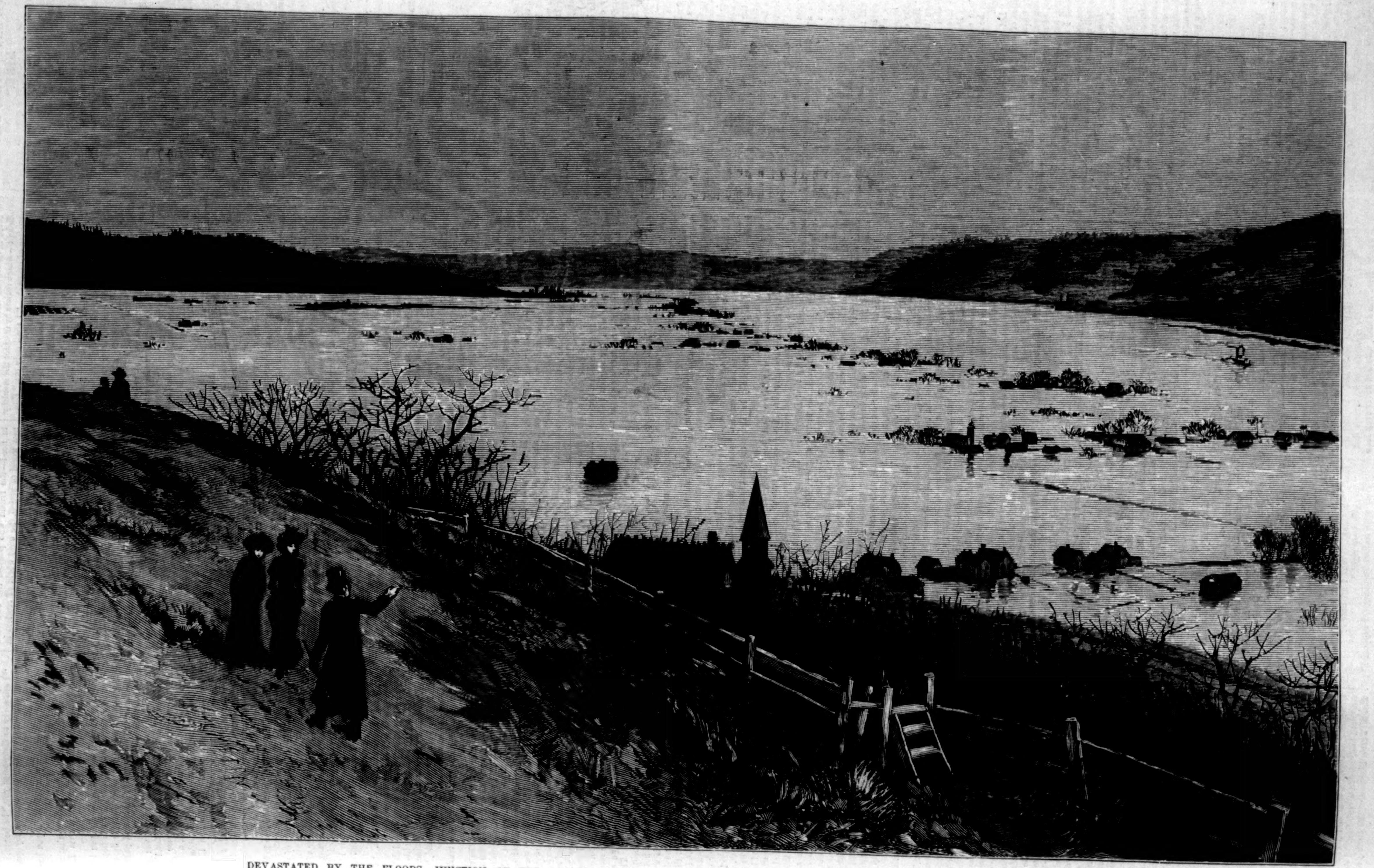
—Mr. Corrie Grant, a London barrister, has been creating some excitement by asserting that at the dinners given by the city in honor of distinguished guests he had seen the aldermen "so drunk that they had to be carried away by the servants, and yet these same men sat on the bench the next morning to judge those who had been taken up drunk and disorderly in the streets." The *Times* remarks that this description of a city dinner might have been true a hundred years ago, but that in the present generation nobody but Mr. Grant himself has witnessed such a scene, although it is not by any means claimed that "the city fathers are even now models of self-denial on the occasions of their great feasts."

—The editors of the *Art Union*, the monthly organ of the new American Art Union, are two well-known artists, who wield their pens without embarrassment, and know just what they are striking at. They propose to demonstrate that in the service of American art those pens are mightier than swords.

—An eye-witness recalls an incident of the National Democratic Convention which assembled in Charleston in the eventful spring of 1860. After the seceding delegations had withdrawn, amid great excitement, Francis B. Flournoy, of Arkansas, who had been temporary chairman of the Convention, took the platform, and made an impassioned speech in favor of the Union. Striding back and forth, and waving a large red handkerchief like a flag above his head, he shouted: "Don't give up the ship!—don't give up the ship!" Though he afterward became a general in the Confederate army, "his heart that day beat true to the music of the Union."


- PUT THEM AWAY WITH ALL HONORS -

IN MEMORY OF DE LONG AND HIS COMRADES—THE LAST SCENE OF AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.—Drawn by W. Shirlaw.



DEVASTATED BY THE FLOODS—JUNCTION OF THE LITTLE MIAMI WITH THE OHIO, FROM MOUNT TUSCULUM.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 123.]

LOVE SAYS, "THIS DAY IS MINE."

MIDWAY the last of those drear months
That winter knows,
While yet the earth is hidden 'neath
The lingering snows,
And the north wind defiant still
His trumpets blows,
Is set a day as full of sweets
As summer rose.

The tidings of its coming spread
The birds among,
And soon the sturdy evergreens
Are filled with song;
The daintiest thoughts of Poesy
About it throng,
And many precious gems of Art
To it belong.

For oh! 'tis Love, 'tis Love, that says,
"This day is mine—
This day when all true lovers haste,
With eyes that shine
And lips that smile, their hearts to lay
Upon the shrine
Long years to me made sacred by
St. Valentine."

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XX.—(*Continued.*)

THE REVEREND MILES MIRABEL.

"THE life and adventures of our charming young clergyman bear eloquent testimony to the saintly patience of his disposition under trials which would have overwhelmed an ordinary man. (Lady Doris, please notice, quotes in this place the language of his admirers; and I report Lady Doris.)

"He has been clerk in a lawyer's office—unjustly dismissed. He has given readings from Shakespeare—infamously neglected. He has been secretary to a promenade concert company—deceived by a penniless manager. He has been employed in negotiations for making foreign railways—repudiated by an unprincipled government. He has been translator to a publishing house—declared incapable by envious newspapers and reviews. He has taken refuge in dramatic criticism—dismissed by a corrupt editor. Through all these means of purification for the priestly career he passed at last into the one sphere that was worthy of him: he entered the Church, under the protection of influential friends. Oh, happy change! From that moment his labors have been blessed. Twice already he has been presented with silver tea-pots filled with sovereigns. Go where he may, precious sympathies environ him; and domestic affection places his knife and fork at innumerable family tables. After a Continental career, which will leave undying recollections, he is now recalled to England—at the suggestion of a person of distinction in the Church, who prefers a mild climate. It will now be his valued privilege to represent an absent rector in a country living, remote from cities, secluded in pastoral solitude, among simple breeders of sheep. May the shepherd prove worthy of the flock!

"Here again, my dear, I must give the merit where the merit is due. This memoir of Mr. Mirabel is not of my writing. It formed part of his farewell sermon, preserved in the memory of Lady Doris; and it shows (once more in the language of his admirers) that the truest humility may be found in the character of the most gifted man.

"Let me only add that you will have opportunities of seeing and hearing this popular preacher, when circumstances permit him to address congregations in the large towns. I am at the end of my news; and I begin to feel—after this long, long letter—that it is time to go to bed. Need I say that I have often spoken of you to Doris, and that she entreats you to be her friend as well as mine when we meet again in England?

"Good-by, darling, for the present. With fondest love, your CECILIA."

"P.S.—I have formed a new habit. In case of feeling hungry in the night, I keep a box of chocolate under the pillow. You have no idea what a comfort it is. If I ever meet with the man who fulfills my ideal, I shall make it a condition of the marriage settlement that I am to have chocolate under the pillow."

CHAPTER XXI.

POLLY AND SALLY.

WITHOUT a care to trouble her; abroad or at home finding inexhaustible varieties of amusement; seeing new places, making new acquaintances—what a disheartening contrast did Cecilia's happy life present to the life of her friend! Who, in Emily's position, could have read that joyously written letter from Switzerland and not have lost heart and faith, for the moment at least, as the inevitable result?

A buoyant temperament is of all moral qualities the most precious, in this respect: it is the one force in us—when virtuous resolution proves insufficient—which resists by instinct the stealthy approaches of despair. "I shall only cry," Emily thought, "if I stay at home; better go out."

Observant persons, accustomed to frequent the London parks, can hardly have failed to notice the number of solitary strangers sadly endeavoring to vary their lives by taking a walk. They linger about the flower beds; they sit for hours on the benches; they look with patient curiosity at other people who have companions; they notice ladies on horseback and children at play with submissive interest; some of the men find company in a pipe, without appearing to enjoy it; some of the women find a substitute for dinner in little dry biscuits wrapped in crumpled scraps of paper; they are not sociable; they are hardly ever seen to make acquaintance with each other; perhaps they are shamefaced, or proud, or sullen; perhaps they despair of others, being accustomed to despair of themselves; perhaps they have their reasons for never venturing to encounter curiosity, or their vices which dread detection, or their virtues which suffer hardship with the resignation that is sufficient for itself. The one thing certain is, that these unfortunate people resist discovery. We know that they are strangers in London, and we know no more.

And Emily was one of them.

Among the other forlorn wanderers in the parks there appeared latterly a trim little figure in black (with the face protected from notice behind a crape veil), which was beginning to be familiar, day after day, to nurse-maids and children, and to rouse curiosity among harmless solitaries meditating on benches, and idle vagabonds strolling over the grass. The woman-servant whom the considerate doctor had provided was the one person in Emily's absence left to take care of the house. There was no other creature who could be a companion to the friendless girl. Mrs. Ellmother had never shown herself again since the funeral. Mrs. Mosey could not forget that she had been (no matter how politely) requested to withdraw. To whom could Emily say, "Let us go out for a walk"? She had communicated the news of her aunt's death to Miss Ladd, at Brighton, and had heard from Francine. The worthy school-mistress had written to her with the truest kindness. "Choose your own time, my poor child, and come and stay with me at Brighton; the sooner the better." Emily shrank—not from accepting the invitation—but from encountering Francine. The hard West Indian heiress looked harder than ever with a pen in her hand. Her letter announced that she was getting on wretchedly with her studies (which she hated); she found the masters appointed to instruct her ugly and disagreeable (and loathed the sight of them); she had taken a dislike to Miss Ladd (and time only confirmed that unfavorable impression); Brighton was always the same; the sea was always the same; the drives were always the same. Francine felt a presentiment that she should do something desperate, unless Emily joined her, and made Brighton endurable behind the horrid school-mistress's back. Solitude in London was a privilege and a pleasure, viewed as the alternative to such companionship as this. Emily wrote gratefully to Miss Ladd, and asked to be excused.

Other days had passed drearily since that time; but the one day that had brought with it Cecilia's letter set past happiness and present sorrow together so vividly and so cruelly that Emily's courage sank. She had forced back the tears in her lonely home; she had gone out to seek consolation and encouragement under the sunny sky; to find comfort for her sore heart in the radiant summer beauty of flowers and grass, in the sweet breathing of the air, in the happy heavenward soaring of the birds. No! Mother Nature is step-mother to the sick at heart. Soon, too soon, she could hardly see where she went. Again and again she resolutely cleared her eyes, under the shelter of her veil, when passing strangers noticed her, and again and again the tears found their way back. Oh, if the girls at the school were to see her now—the girls who used to say, in their moments of sadness, "Let us go to Emily and be cheered"—would they know her again? She sat down to rest and recover herself on the nearest bench. It was unoccupied. No passing footsteps were audible on the remote path to which she had strayed. Solitude at home! Solitude in the Park! Where was Cecilia at that moment? In Italy, among the lakes and mountains, happy in the company of her light-hearted friend.

The lonely interval passed, and persons came near. Two sisters, girls like herself, stopped to rest on the bench.

They were full of their own interests; they hardly looked at the stranger in mourning garments. The younger sister was to be married, and the elder was to be bridemaid. They talked of their dresses and their presents; they compared the dashing bridegroom of the one with the timid lover of the other; they laughed over their own small sallies of wit, over their joyous dreams of the future, over their opinions of the guests invited to the wedding. Too joyfully restless to remain inactive any longer, they jumped up again from the seat. One of them said, "Polly, I'm too happy!" and danced as she moved away. The other cried, "Sally, for shame!" and burst out laughing as if she had hit on the most irresistible joke that ever was made.

Emily rose and went home.

By some mysterious influence which she was unable to trace the boisterous merriment of the two girls had roused in her a sense of revolt against the life that she was leading. Change, speedy change, to some occupation that would force her to exert herself, presented the one promise of brighter days that she could see. To feel this was to be inevitably reminded of Sir Jervis Redwood. Here was a man, who had never even seen her, transformed by the incomprehensible operation of Chance into the friend of whom she stood in need—the friend who pointed the way to a new world of action, the busy world of readers in the library of the Museum.

Before the week was out Emily had accepted Sir Jervis's proposal, and had so interested the bookseller to whom she had been directed to apply that he took it on himself to modify the arbitrary instructions of her employer.

"The old gentleman has no mercy on himself, and no mercy on others," he explained, "where his literary labors are concerned. You must spare yourself, Miss Emily. It is not only absurd, it's cruel, to expect you to ransack old newspapers for discoveries in Yucatan, from the time when Stephens published his *Travels in Central America*—nearly forty years since. Begin with back numbers published within a few years—say five years from the present date—and let us see what your search over that interval will bring forth."

Accepting this friendly advice, Emily began with the newspaper volume dating from New-Year's Day, 1876.

The first hour of her search strengthened the sincere sense of gratitude with which she remembered the bookseller's kindness. To keep her attention steadily fixed on the one subject that interested her employer, and to resist the temptation to read those miscellaneous items of news which especially interest women, put her patience and resolution to a merciless test. Happily for herself, her neighbors on either side were no idlers. To see them so absorbed over their work that they never once looked at her, after the first moment when she took her place between them, was to find exactly the example of which she stood most in need. As the hours wore on she pursued her weary way, down one column and up another, resigned at least (if not quite reconciled yet) to her task. Her labors ended, for the day, with such encouragement as she might derive from the conviction of having (thus far) honestly pursued a useless search.

News was waiting for her when she reached home which raised her sinking spirits. On leaving the cottage that morning she had given certain instructions relating to the modest stranger who had taken charge of her correspondence, in case of his paying a second visit during her absence at the Museum. The first words spoken by the servant, on opening the door, informed her that the unknown gentleman had called again. This time he had boldly left his card. There was the name, already familiar, already welcome—Alban Morris.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALBAN MORRIS.

HAVING looked at the visitor's card, Emily put her first question to the servant.

"Did you tell Mr. Morris what your orders were?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; I said I was to have shown him in, if you had been at home. Perhaps I did wrong; I told him what you told me when you went out this morning—I said you had gone to read at the Museum."

"What makes you think you did wrong?"

"Well, miss, he didn't say anything, but he looked upset."

"Do you mean that he looked angry?"

The servant shook her head. "Not exactly angry—puzzled and put out."

"Did he leave any message?"

"He said he would call later, if you would be so good as to receive him."

In half an hour more, Alban and Emily were together again. The light fell full on her face as she rose to receive him.

"Oh, how you have suffered!"

The words escaped him before he could restrain himself. He looked at her with the tender sympathy, so precious to women, which she had not seen in the face of any human creature since the loss of her aunt. Even the good doctor's efforts to console her had been efforts of professional routine—the inevitable result of his life-long familiarity with sorrow and death. While Alban's eyes rested on her, Emily felt her tears rising. In the fear that he might misinterpret her reception of him, she made the effort to speak with some appearance of composure.

"I lead a lonely life," she said; "and I can well understand that my face shows it. You are one of my very few friends, Mr. Morris"—her voice faltered; it discouraged her to see him standing irresolute, with his hat in his hand, fearful of intruding on her. "Indeed, indeed, you are welcome," she said, very earnestly.

In those sad days her heart was easily touched. She gave him her hand for the second time. He held it gently for a moment. Every day since they had parted she had been in his thoughts; she had become dearer to him than ever. He was too deeply affected to trust himself to answer. That silence pleaded for him as nothing had pleaded for him yet. In her secret self she remembered with wonder how she had received his confession in the school garden. It was a little hard on him, surely, to have forbidden him even to hope.

Conscious of her own weakness—even while giving way to it—she felt the necessity of turning his attention from herself. In some confusion she pointed to a chair at her side, and spoke of his first visit, when he had left her letters at the door. Having confided to him all that she had discovered, and all that she had guessed, on that occasion, it was by an easy transition that she alluded to the motive for his journey to the North,

"I thought it might be suspicion of Mrs. Rook," she said. "Was I mistaken?"

"No; you were right."

"They were serious suspicions, I suppose?"

"Certainly! I should not otherwise have devoted my holiday-time to clearing them up."

"May I know what they were?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," he began.

"But you would rather not answer my question," she interposed.

"I would rather hear you tell me if you have made any other guess."

"One more, Mr. Morris. I guessed that you had become acquainted with Sir Jervis Redwood."

"For the second time, Miss Emily, you have arrived at a sound conclusion. My one hope of finding opportunities for observing Sir Jervis's housekeeper depended on my chance of gaining admission to Sir Jervis's house."

"How did you succeed? Perhaps you provided yourself with a letter of introduction?"

"I knew nobody who could introduce me," Alban replied. "As the event proved, a letter would have been needless. Sir Jervis introduced himself—and, more wonderful still, he invited me to his house at our first interview."

"Sir Jervis introduced himself?" Emily repeated, in amazement. "From Cecilia's description of him, I should have thought he was the last person in the world to do that."

Alban smiled. "And you would like to know how it happened?" he suggested.

"The very favor I was going to ask of you," she replied.

Instead of at once complying with her wishes, he paused—hesitated—and made a strange request. "Will you forgive my rudeness if I ask leave to walk up and down the room while I talk? I am a restless man. Walking up and down helps me to express myself freely."

Her face brightened for the first time. "How like You that is!" she exclaimed.

Alban looked at her with surprise and delight. She had betrayed an interest in studying his character, which he appreciated at its full value. "I should never have dared to hope," he said, "that you knew me so well already."

"You are forgetting your story," she reminded him.

He moved to the opposite side of the room, where there were fewest impediments in the shape of furniture. With his head down, and his hands crossed behind him, he paced to and fro. Habit made him express himself in his usual quaint way, but he became embarrassed as he went on. Was he disturbed by his recollections, or by the fear of taking Emily into his confidence too freely?

"Different people have different ways of telling a story," he said. "Mine is the methodical way—I begin at the beginning. We will start, if you please, in the railway. When I got to the end of my journey I might as well have returned by the next train—if I had not been an artist. The station was a hut in a wilderness. The village (deriving its sole importance from being near a mine) was hidden in a hole; it was not even visible from the railway. No matter; it was the nearest place to Sir Jervis's house, and it was therefore my destination. I picked out the biggest of the cottages—I mean the huts—and asked the woman at the door if she had a bed to let. She evidently thought me either mad or drunk. I wasted no time in persuasion; the right person to plead my cause was asleep in her arms. I began by admiring the baby, and I ended by taking the baby's portrait. From that moment I became a member of the family—the member who had his own way. Besides the room occupied by the husband and wife, there was a sort of kennel in which the husband's brother slept. He was dismissed (with five shillings of mine to comfort him) to find shelter somewhere else, and I was promoted to the vacant place. It is my misfortune to be tall. When I went to bed I slept with my head on the pillow and my feet out of the window. Very cool and pleasant in summer weather. The next morning I set my trap for Sir Jervis."

"Your trap?" Emily repeated, wondering what he meant.

"I went out to sketch from Nature," Alban continued. "Can anybody (with or without a title—I don't care), living in a lonely country house, see a stranger hard at work with a color-box and brushes, and not stop to look at what he is doing? Three days passed, and nothing happened. I was quite patient; the grand open country all round me offered lessons of inestimable value in what we call aerial perspective. On the fourth day, I was absorbed over the hardest of all hard tasks in landscape art, studying the clouds straight from Nature. The magnificent moorland silence was suddenly profaned by a man's voice, speaking (or rather croaking) behind me. 'The worst curse of human life,' the voice said, 'is the detestable necessity of taking exercise. I hate losing my time; I hate fine scenery; I hate fresh air; I hate a pony. Go on, you brute.' Being too deeply engaged with the clouds to look round, I had supposed this pretty speech to be addressed to some second person. Nothing of the sort; the croaking voice had a habit of speaking to itself. In a minute more there came within my range of view a solitary old man, mounted on a rough pony."

"Was it Sir Jervis?"

Alban hesitated.

"It looked more like the popular notion of the devil," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Morris!"

"I give you my first impression, Miss Emily, for what it is worth. He had his high-peaked hat in his hand to keep his head cool. His wiry iron-gray hair looked like hair standing on end; his bushy eyebrows curled upward toward his narrow temples; his horrid old globular eyes stared with a wicked brightness; his pointed beard hid his chin; he was covered from his throat to his ankles in a loose black garment, something between a coat and a cloak; and, to complete him, he had a club-foot. I don't doubt that Sir Jervis Redwood is the earthly alias which he finds convenient, but I stick to that first impression which appeared to surprise you. 'Ha! an artist; you seem to be the sort of chap I want!' In those terms he introduced himself. Observe, if you please, that my trap caught him the moment he came my way. Who wouldn't be an artist?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

"Did he take a liking to you?" Emily inquired.

"Not he! I don't believe he ever took a liking to anybody in his life."

"Then how did you get your invitation to his house?"

"Give me a little breathing-time, Miss Emily, and you shall hear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SLUDGE ACID NUISANCE.

The country has heard a good deal, from time to time, of the Standard Oil Company and its exploits, its devil-fish grasp on the business of oil refining and oil transportation, its power over Legislatures, courts, caucuses, and local officers, and, latest, its election of a representative—as if it were a sovereign State—in the Federal Senate. But the measure of its influence might more vividly be revealed by a bird's-eye view of New York Harbor and its vicinity in certain conditions of wind and tide. To an observer perched on the top of one of the Bridge towers, or in the lookout of the Signal Service on the Equitable Building, there would be plain the unpleasing evidence of the Oil Company's work in a sheet of greasy scum stretching in broken patches from the waters of Long Island Sound, through the tortuous pass of Hell Gate, down the East River, skirting the western shore of Long Island and the entire rim of Staten Island, scattered north of Weehawken up the Hudson, and to the south and east reaching down to Navesink and across to Rockaway Beach, and even beyond. If he descended from his height and undertook a voyage in a Staten Island ferry-boat, he might steam for a couple of miles through this unsavory substance; and if he made the tour of the Kills, and crossed the bay, he would find boats, docks, beaches, and every exposed object smeared with this offensive grease, which discolors and often rots wood, and destroys all the paint it touches.

Not this alone. A little inquiry would disclose to him that where there are clam beds or beds of seed-oysters, as at Prince's Bay—from which many of the finest and most valuable oyster beds of the Long Island shore are supplied—the substance, which is grease above, releases matter that falls slowly to the bottom, and kills the delicate young bivalves. It also strongly impregnates the water with the taste and odor of kerosene, so that fish which enter it are tainted, and when caught are uneatable. This scum is familiarly known as "sludge acid," and is one of the refuse products from the refining of mineral oil, or petroleum. It is supplied to the waters of New York from the refineries along the shore, at Bayonne or its neighborhood, in New Jersey, and at Hunter's Point, on the banks of Newtown Creek, in the State of New York.

Most of these refineries belong to the Standard Oil Company, and it is to that corporation that those annoyed or injured by the sludge acid attribute the damage which they suffer. While the Oil Company is not the only offender, it is probable that it is the chief, and the evidence is strong that the effect upon the waters of New York Bay and the surrounding coasts has been deplorable. Besides the destruction of clam beds and beds of seed-oysters, there has been serious trouble with the fishing grounds. A few years ago great quantities of the toothsome and consoling shrimp were caught off Bay Ridge, near where the pleasure-seeker now takes the Manhattan Beach Railroad for Coney Island. Now there are none to be found. The inlets and flat reaches of the New Jersey shore once abounded with the (potentially) brilliant and rich lobster. He is gone. The fishermen of Long Island report the weak-fish, the sheepshead, and even the ever-faithful blue-fish as steadily disappearing. It would be rash to attribute this disappearance wholly to the baneful effects of sludge acid, but it is clear that that has a strong effect. Recently shad taken opposite Weehawken, in the North River, were found to be tainted with kerosene, and striped bass captured at Hell Gate were affected in like manner. Farther up the North River the shad seem to have rid themselves of this taint, but their numbers are falling off. In the same way the striped bass, which is a peculiarly clean-feeding and sensitive creature, is no longer found in quantities at Hell Gate, and much less plentifully than formerly in the Hudson, where it was caught in great numbers a short time since through the ice. It stands to reason that fish which, like the blue-fish, the shad, the striped bass, either come only to the coasts, or come into the rivers from the sea, will be driven away by any such loathsome element as sludge acid provides for the waters about New York.

The evil is an obvious and urgent one, and calls for energetic action to obtain a remedy. The Fish-culture Association has named a committee to examine the matter, and memoralize the Legislature. Some of the owners of oyster and clam beds have made public protest, and have, we believe, sought the intervention of the State Board of Health, but we do not know with what result. It is worth while considering whether there be not a more practical and speedy remedy at common law. Of course it is necessary to be first sure of the facts; but if it can be shown that the oil refineries discharge an offensive and injurious refuse product into the waters containing oyster or clam beds, the owners of these have an undoubted claim against the refineries, and could in all probability recover damages which would make even the Standard Oil Company more careful. A common effort among the injured persons would make the cost tolerable, and it is a maxim among lawyers that a jury gives damages in most cases to a citizen against a corporation. The matter is certainly one that those directly interested should take up in their own behalf, and in that of the public, who are indirectly as much interested as they.

THE GREAT FLOODS.

We devote a large amount of space this week to pictures of the great floods which have devastated the valley of the Ohio, and spread ruin and suffering over a wide extent of country. At Cincinnati the river rose to the unprecedented height of seventy-one feet above low-water mark, nearly five feet higher than the great flood of last year. The Grand Central Depot in that city had from six to eight feet of water on the floor, and Lincoln Park was a lake. The sudden cold of the 13th inst. added greatly to the distress and suffering in the flooded portions of the city, as many were destitute of fuel, or without the means of using it. As a rule, people clung to their houses until the danger was absolute and immediate, and in many instances were rescued only a few moments before their dwellings were swept away.

The hills on each side of the river became its banks, the bases being flooded, and houses were everywhere torn away by the current. Several villages were almost utterly destroyed. In Point Pleasant, the birth-place of General Grant, only two houses were out of water. The farmers from the surrounding country rendered all the assistance in their power; but the misery, destruction, and distress can not be overdrawn. Thousands of people were homeless and out of food.

Lawrenceburg, on the Indiana side of the river, was for a time entirely shut off from outside communication, except by means of skiffs, over a body of water several miles in extent, and from six to eight feet deep. The waters of the Miami rushed through the streets, carrying before them everything not heavily anchored or tied with strong ropes. Dwellings, barns, saw-mills, and lumber were jumbled together in huge masses of ruin.

Accounts from Gallipolis, Ohio, gave a terrible picture of suffering in that region. On the 13th inst. every city, town, and village except Gallipolis, which is on high ground, was inundated, and inaccessible except from that point. The territory contains about 75,000 inhabitants, living on the banks of the Ohio and Kanawha rivers. At least 2000 houses were swept away, or damaged to such an extent as to be uninhabitable after the flood has subsided. The farmers lost largely of their horses and cattle, nearly all their grain and feed, and all their fencing. The merchants and manufacturers lost their stocks, and the mechanics were thrown out of employment. Coal mines and salt works were flooded, and everything was desolate indeed. It will be weeks and months before business can be resumed, and help will be needed long after the waters have subsided.

Similar accounts come from almost every part of the Ohio Valley. It is the same sad story over and over again; and it is repeated from Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, and other cities. Measures for the relief of the sufferers were promptly taken at Cincinnati and other places, and steamboats laden with provisions and clothing were sent to the flooded districts. The United States government appropriated $60,000 for the relief of sufferers as far south as Ironton, the Kentucky Legislature voted $25,000 for the same purpose, and the amount of private subscriptions has been generous and prompt. Still a great deal remains to be done. So many thousands of people have been made homeless and destitute that wide-spread suffering can be averted only by the most energetic measures.

THE NILE VALLEY: ITS DANGER.

The danger that hovers over the Nile Valley is one of interest to all. If, as it is proposed, the Soudan, with all its fertility and its deserts, is given up to the fanatical followers of the Mahdi, it is scarcely possible that Mohammedan fanaticism can be restrained along the Nile. The Nile population has never been trustworthy. There are spots where the traveller has been always in danger, and an escort has proved often useful even under the walls of Karnak. It is easy to see that the attractions of the Nile may be seriously lessened by the fierce excitement that rules in Cairo and Alexandria, as well as in the desert tribes. Arabi is said to have never ceased his correspondence with his old allies in Egypt. All Islam is stirred by the news of the successes of the wild people of Soudan. The withdrawal of the Egyptian troops from the Upper Nile will give new hopes and courage to the robbers of the desert, and few travellers will care to venture to Nubia, or as far as Philæ, while the wastes around them are ruled by the Arab sheiks.

A closed Nile would be a real deprivation to many. The sick, the studious, and the casual traveller have found the Father of Rivers always a charmed resort in winter. Nowhere, it is said, is there so even a climate, nowhere such a panorama of wonders, and the stream of travel that has set within a few years toward the Cataracts, and even Nubia, must have brought a golden shower to impoverished Egypt. It would, indeed, be a lasting eclipse to much harmless pleasure should this resource be cut off by war or Mohammedan insurrections. No more would the slow dahabeeyah glide up the winding river filled with its gay Americans or English, or the swift steamer ply from the Pyramids to Edfoo. It would be a lonely river, almost as much shut out from foreign scrutiny as when Herodotus made his way to its archives, or the Fatimite caliphs expelled the Christian dogs from their shores.

No one would wish to consign Egypt to such a fate, or to close to the world the most wonderful of rivers. Americans, English, Germans, Italians, French, are all intimately concerned in the Egyptian question. The American flag, next to the English, is said to float oftenest over the Nile boats that ride by Memphis and Thebes. The French have a peculiar interest in Egypt. The first Napoleon, in his selfish ambition, led the way to the revival of the land of the Pharaohs and the study of its monuments. Frenchmen of science discovered the Rosetta stone, and Champollion interpreted it. A French emperor opened the Suez Canal, and the gifted Lesseps has benefited mankind. England, Germany, Italy, and the Mediterranean states are all bound to Egypt by the ties of interest and trade, and if ever the interior of Africa is to be laid open to the people of Europe, with all its boundless resources in agriculture and minerals, it must be by the portals of the Nile. Like a vast Erie Canal cut by nature, three thousand miles long, the great river penetrates to the heart of the continent and the very centre of its treasures.

To the student a closed Nile would mean danger to much that he has been accustomed to value. In the recent war of Arabi the Boulak Museum of Egyptian antiquities was in serious peril. The activity of Egyptian scholars depends upon peace. The wonders of Egypt have as yet been only imperfectly explored, and a thousand secrets lie hidden in its tombs and mounds that a few years of study would easily unfold. But to all this a Mohammedan rising and a war of religions and races would soon put an end. Fanaticism spares nothing. There are treasures in Egypt that, once destroyed, could never be regained. Under a Mohammedan rule they would never be safe. Edfoo, that has sprung in its beauty from the sands, Denderah, its rival, even the hall of Karnak and the tomb of Rameses, might perish like Memphis and Heliopolis. All the world has an interest in preserving these rare remains. They are the earliest record of the human race, the curious aspiration of its youth.

Every one would rejoice to see Egypt free, its miserable people rescued from their oppressors, and the Nile Valley made happy by all the rewards of industry. But it would scarcely be safe to give up the sacred land to the savage sheiks of the desert and the fanatical followers of the Prophet. It would be a step backward. The solution of the Egyptian question probably lies in the union of the European powers in a just and humane protectorate. It should be made the Switzerland or the Belgium of the East, its people restrained by European laws, but saved by them from European money-lenders and native fraud. Egypt is the possession of mankind. It is the land of the Pyramids; the scene of the beautiful Hebrew tales of Joseph and the infant Moses, the captivity and the flight; of the first growth of the arts; of some of their most splendid exemplifications. To give it up to the rule of savages again would wound the instinctive sense of progress, and close perhaps forever a volume of history that is yet only partly open.

Eugene Lawrence.

LATTER-DAY SUPERSTITION.

There has never been a time in any country inhabited by man where the belief in fairies has not existed in one form or another. To the uncivilized mind there is so much that is incomprehensible in all the ways of nature that primitive man has not failed to surround himself, for the satisfaction of his own bewilderment, with a more or less numerous retinue of supernatural beings, whom he accredits with a personal interest in all the details of his domestic affairs, and to whose malevolent or kindly impulses he attributes the petty failures and successes of his every-day life. And but for the fairies much of what has been most beautiful in the life and literature of all ages would have been lost to man. From the bright romance of those sudden meetings of the ancient Greeks with the supernatural guardians, god, or nymph, or demon, of the woods and streams and country-side, to the pretty fantasies of English country lore which shines so charmingly in Shakespeare's pages, what could be banished that would not be a loss, and leave life duller than before? Yet in the nineteenth century we affect to have no respect for fairies, and witches and elves and goblins are held unworthy of the credence of latter-day civilization. But in spite of the triumphs of science, in the most intellectual circles the question of the existence of ghosts is one to which a very small minority can conscientiously profess themselves indifferent, and modern "spiritualism," with all its baffling antagonism of evidences, shows that education has not quite triumphed over superstition yet.

And as one descends the social scale spiritualism grows nearer a belief in fairies, and second-sight becomes more akin to witchcraft at every step, until in many parts of rustic England the popular credulity is in many ways as extravagant and obstinate as ever. In Scotland and Ireland, too, the majority of old superstitions are held in honor and respect; and while in India England is legislating against such savages as the Bheels, persecuting superannuated men and women on the presumption of their being addicted to the black-arts, the laboring-men of Essex continue to duck old women for being witches, and the Devonshire miner to read the future in crystals. But it is perhaps in Wales, the cradle of British fairy lore, the land of mystery and wonderment until within quite recent years, that the fairies and spirits hold now their chief court. Elves yet haunt the vales and woodlands, goblin dwarfs work in the mines, and household fairies visit the clean-kept hearths as of old. In the green meadows, at the bottom of the lakes and streams, live a little race who sometimes visit our earth, and on the mountain-tops the gnomes of the peak are still to be met. The fairies themselves eat only toadstools and "fairy butter," but for mortals who visit them they provide feasts such as rival the entertainments of Eastern legend. In other ways also they treat their bold visitors well; for, provided the stranger obeys their directions on certain points, and, above all things, avoids curiosity, he is made free of stables and gardens and all the other pleasures of the palaces of enchantment which spring up at the fairies' bidding—for the little folk, when mortals are with them, ride and dance and enjoy themselves as much as men and women do. Of children, the "Ellyllon" are specially fond, and mothers there live who have successfully wrestled with the elves who tried to steal their infants, and grown-up people are still to be found who in their childhood stopped on their way to school to play with the dwarfs on the hill-side.

Grateful for kindness shown, and vindictive for insults offered, nearly all the little spirit-folk alike may be made friends or foes, just as mortals choose to have them, and the exception is an elf wholly given up to mischief and wrong-doing. Of such, however, there are unfortunately still a few; and the Welsh peasant has to take to-day, therefore, all the old precautions against changeling children and misleading lanterns, for want of which so many a worthy Taffy has come to sad grief in the past. On the other hand, fairies are not of a cunning sort, and can be easily circumvented or imposed upon. Sometimes, indeed, they are caught and kept as pets, and often when a Bwbach becomes troublesome in a house "the wise woman" tells the vexed household how to get rid of it by stratagems so obviously fraudulent that even a goblin ought to be ashamed of being taken in by them.

The general good temper of the fairies and the facility with which their small mischiefs may be counteracted have thus, in a way, accustomed the Welsh mind to think leniently of their existence, and the very convenient forms in which Puck and his comrades sometimes do their spiriting make them a good excuse for occasional lapses from sobriety and decorum. Fathers of families returning home from market are sometimes sadly overcome by spirits on their way, and are found early in the morning lying in the road all splashed with mud, hatless, and with clothes torn, and, when questioned as to the cause, are so incoherent that it is evident to every one that fairies have had a hand in the matter. Thus, too, when servants are longer on their errands than they should be, when pretty girls stay out too late on summer evenings, and money or other property comes unaccountably into people's possession, a story of elves or goblins pat for the purpose is always ready, and precedents for such accidents are at once charitably recalled to memory. His fairies have therefore a certain claim on Taffy, which, to do him justice, he never attempts, even to this day, to repudiate.

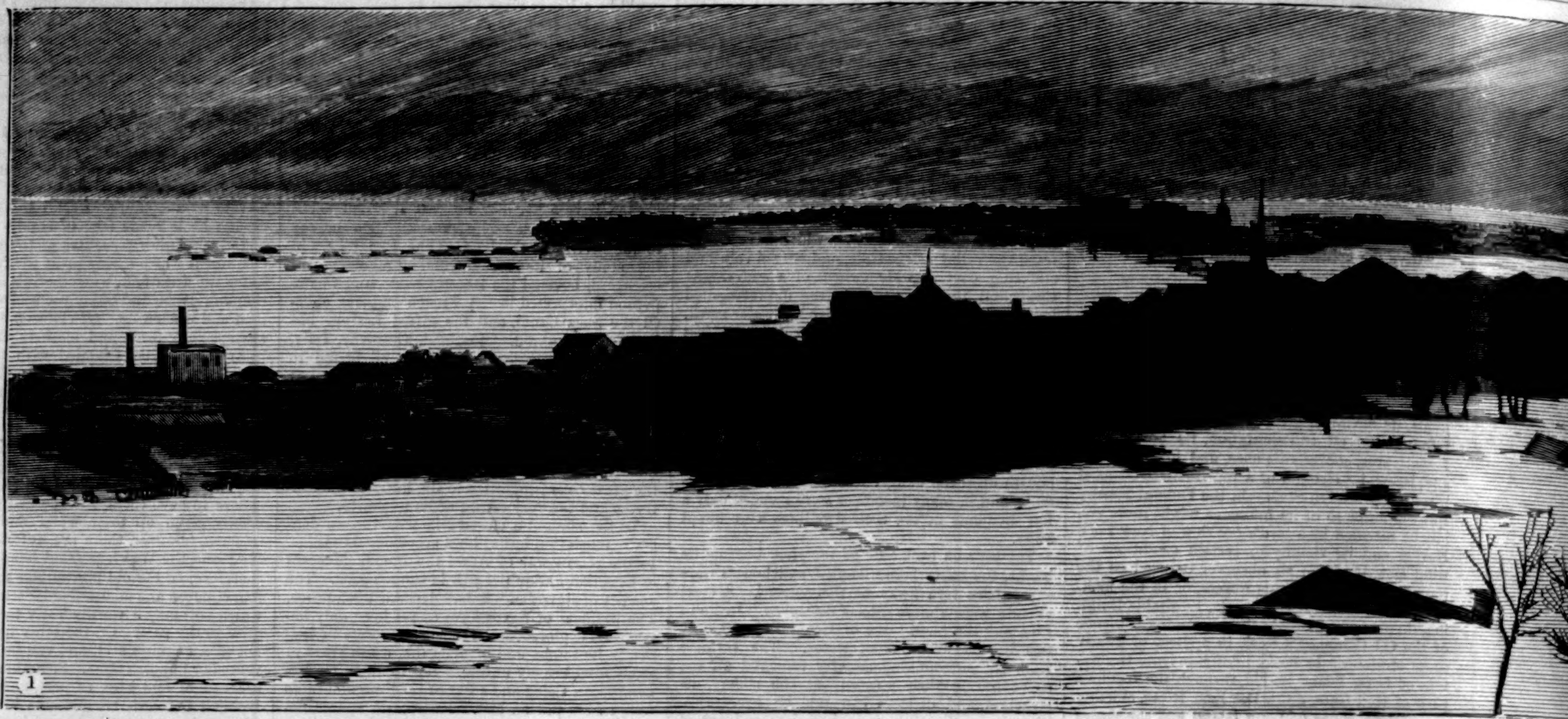
Nevertheless, it is just as well, on the whole, to have as little as possible to do with fairies, for they are very capricious, and what is the use of being envied by one's neighbors for half a life-time, if wealth and happiness depend upon a chance word or an accidental breeze, so that you may one day wake up to find the roof gone from over your head, your children vanished into mist, and your flocks and herds and all your household furniture precipitating themselves into the neighboring river? Such, as a rule, is the result of accepting gifts from fairies, and their glittering favors on a sudden end in dust and ashes, desolation and remorse. It is well, therefore, to keep clear of goblin people of all kinds, and above all to exclude the company of witches. Only a short time ago a couple of English rustics, finding themselves disturbed by shadows, and their cattle afflicted with ailments, were gravely proceeding to throw a neighbor into a pond to see if she were a witch. If she floated, she was; if she drowned, she was not. The ordeal was very simple; but in this case the woman's husband objected, and very fortunately, too, for the rustics concerned; for, as it turned out, the "witch" in question could not swim, and though her innocence would thus have been incontrovertibly established by her death, the result to her murderers would have been awkward.

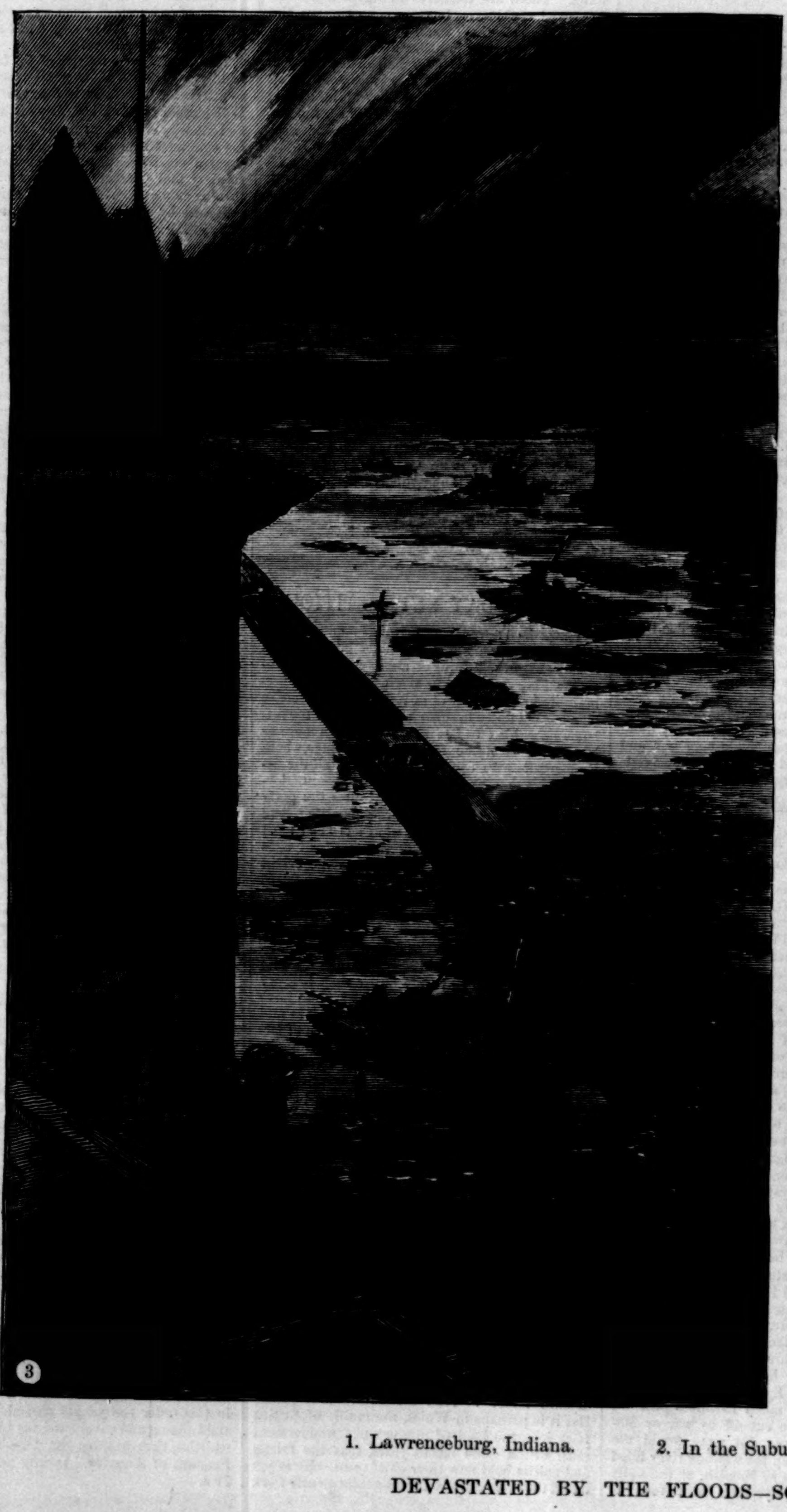
Phil Robinson.

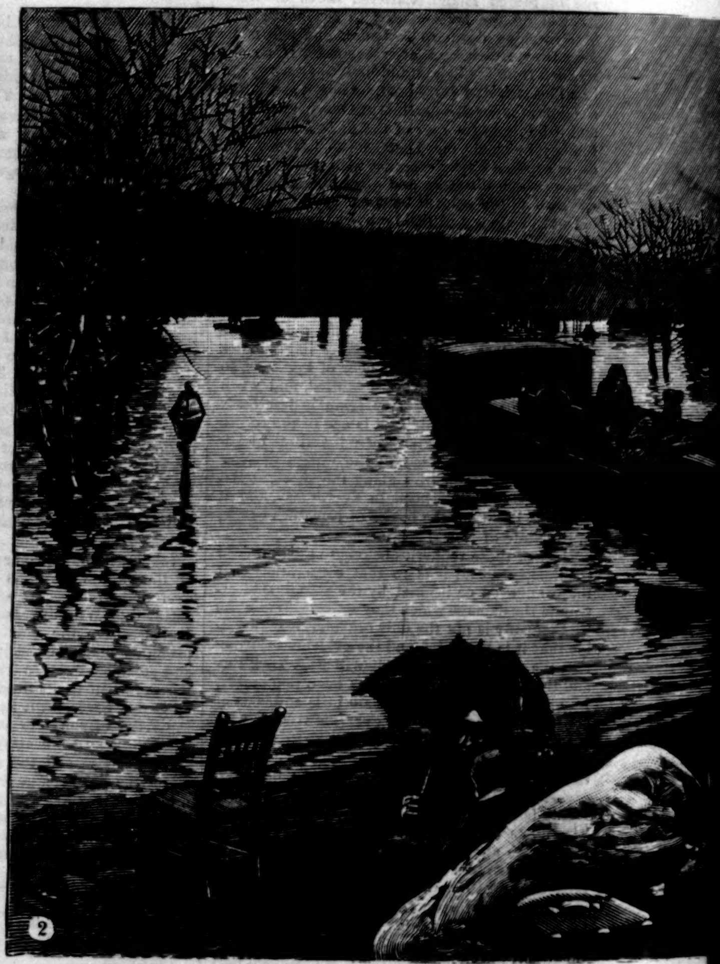
THE ICE-YACHT RACE.

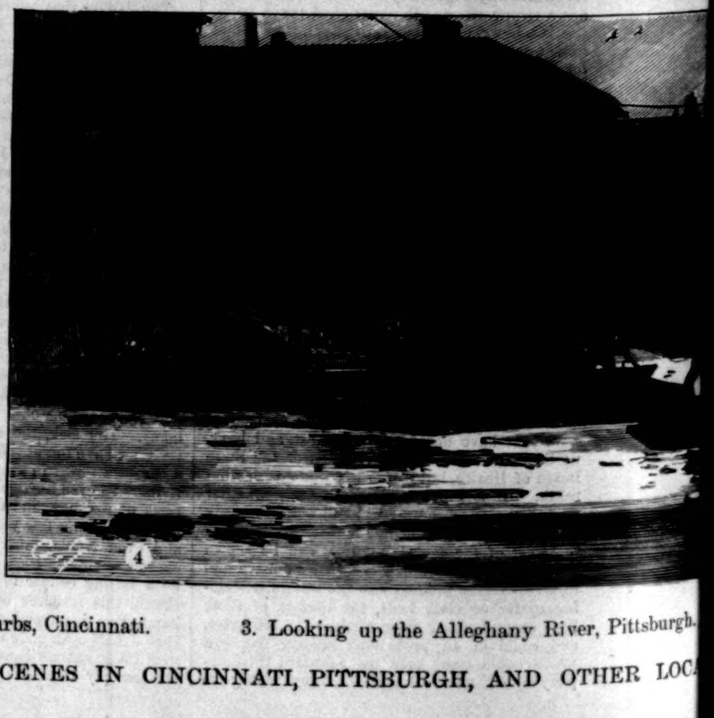
The ice-yacht race for the challenge pennant of America took place at Poughkeepsie on the 9th inst. The course was six miles and two-thirds in length, and the rules required it to be sailed over three times, making a total distance of twenty miles, and the race had to be made in one hour and eighteen minutes, or to be called no race. The following boats took part: *Jack Frost*, owned by Archibald Rogers; *Icicle*, John A. Roosevelt; *Æolus*, Norman Wright; *Northern Light*, Dr. Barron; *Tempest*, *Idler*, *Dreadnaught*, *Uncle Bob*, Shrewsbury Club; *Haze*, Aaron Innis; *Avalanche*, E. Harrison Sanford; and *Jesse B.*, George Lamb.

A fine start was made, and the *Haze* soon darted to the front, and flew up the river, closely followed by the *Dreadnaught*, *Jack Frost*, *Icicle*, and *Avalanche*, the others scattering along behind. The *Haze* was the first to round the upper flag, and close behind her was the *Dreadnaught*, *Jack Frost* third. These three had the race to themselves. At the turn at the end of the thirteenth mile the *Haze* was still showing the way, with the *Dreadnaught* second, *Jack Frost* third. In this order the yachts passed the home buoy, amid shouts and cheers and the blowing of steam-whistles, thus winning the "Ice-Yacht Challenge Pennant of America," twenty miles in 1 h. 5 m. 30 s.



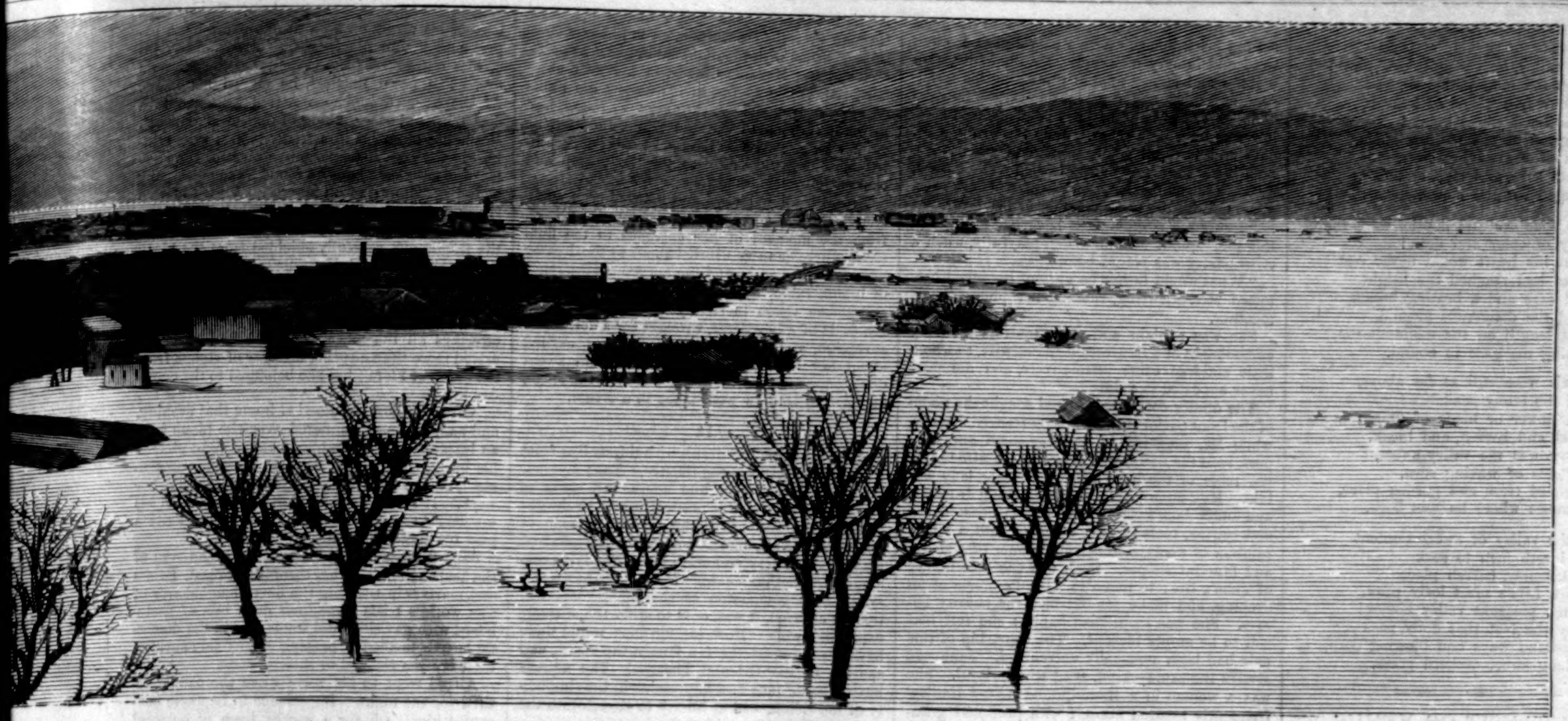


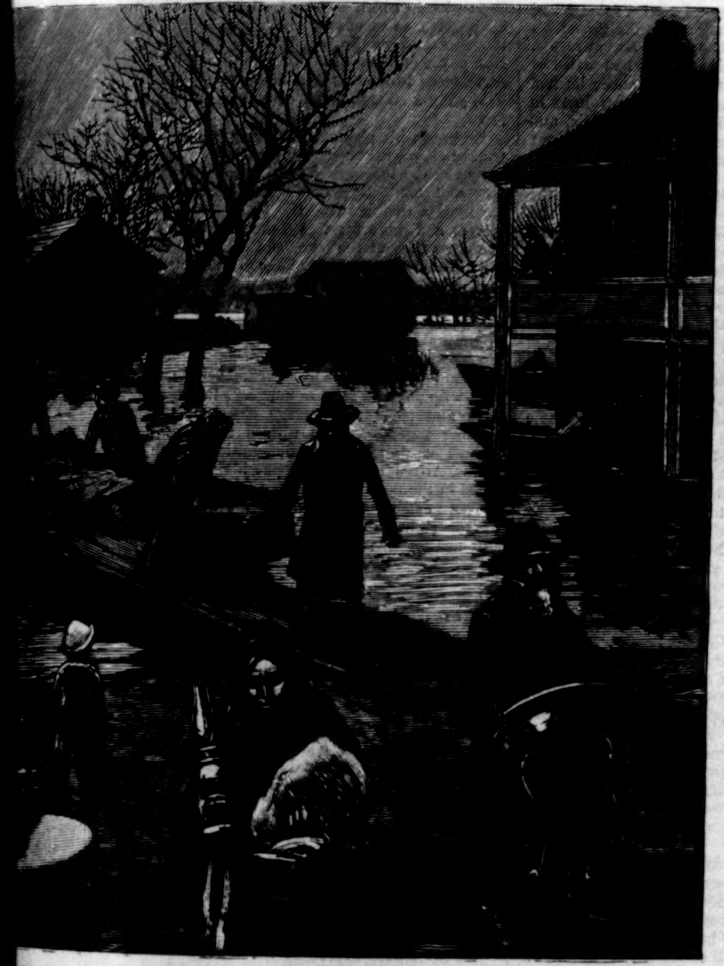


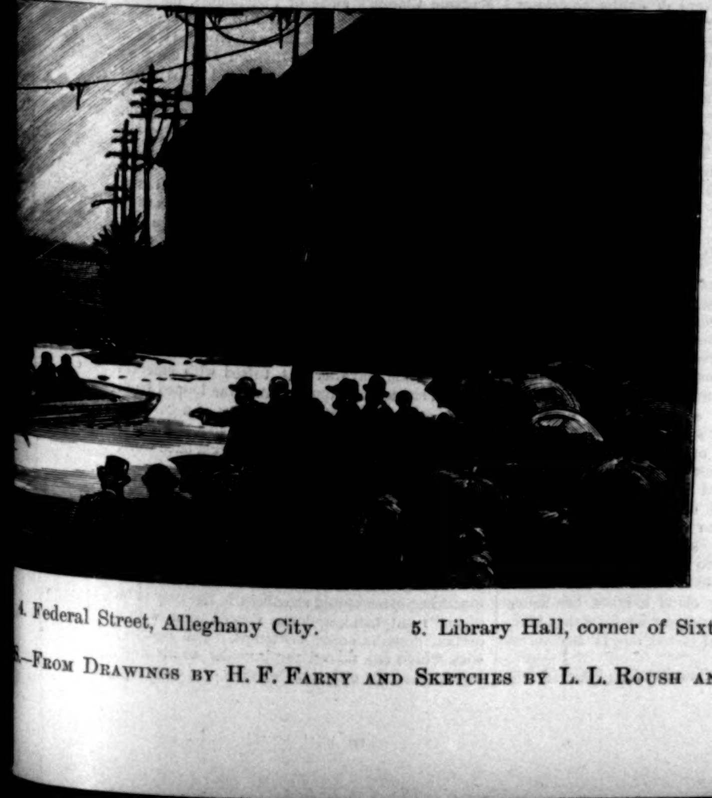


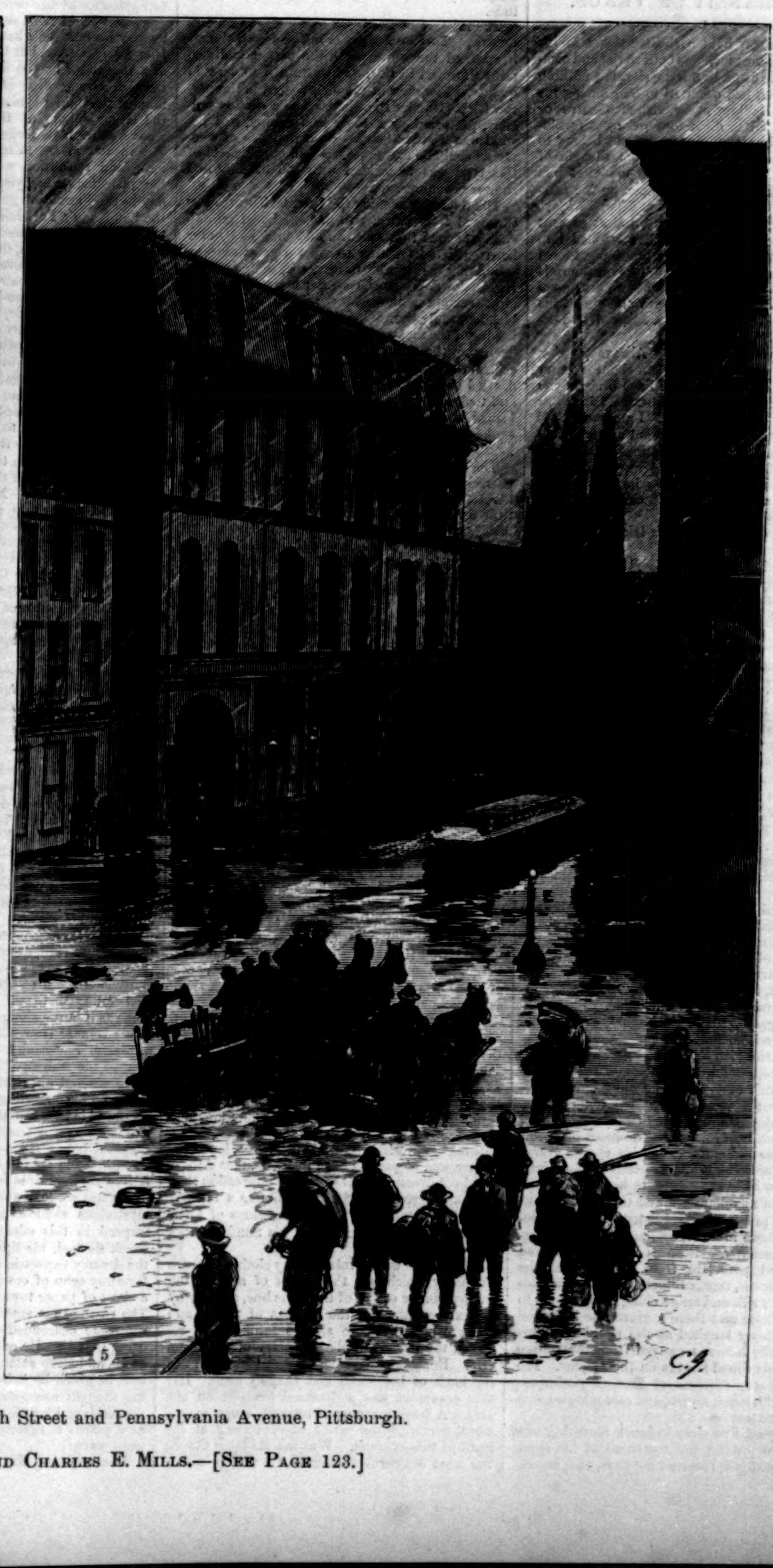
1. Lawrenceburg, Indiana. 2. In the Suburbs, Cincinnati. 3. Looking up the Alleghany River, Pittsburgh.

DEVASTATED BY THE FLOODS—SCENES IN CINCINNATI, PITTSBURGH, AND OTHER LOC









rgh.

4. Federal Street, Alleghany City.

5. Library Hall, corner of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Pittsburgh.

—From Drawings by H. F. Farny and Sketches by L. L. Roush and Charles E. Mills.—[See Page 123.]

ILLUSION.

Down in the valley, he thought, how grand
To stand on the mountain-peak,
To feel the four free winds of heaven,
And to see the daylight break!
The flowery grass of the meadow-lands,
The wealth of the waving crop,
He knew them safe, and rich, and fair,
But he longed for the mountain-top.

What mystic shadows and depths were there,
What glory of color and light!
He knew that his heart would never rest
Till his feet had reached the height.
With painful care and a beating breast
He climbed the dangerous ground,
And stood at length on the mountain-top,
With nothing his gaze to bound.

But the clouds were still as far above,
And alas! the stony peak
Had never a flower or blade of grass;
It was cold, and barren, and bleak.
And far below was the valley sweet,
With its fields of waving corn,
With its orchard trees and garden place,
And the house where he was born.

Thus from the valley of sweet Content
Ambition lureth men to seek
The splendid, lonely, barren place
That girdles Life's most lofty peak.
But oh for the pleasant valley homes!
And happy the feet that daily pass
Through woodland ways and blowing corn,
And the long sweet orchard grass.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

I.

Alfred Hadlow held a theatre ticket in his hand. The circumstance was both trivial and commonplace, as he dwelt in a large city, but nothing more unforeseen had occurred to him during his life. Alfred Hadlow never visited theatre or opera-house. These diversions were not forbidden fruit to him; they simply did not belong to his sphere of existence. He seldom thought of them at all. Therefore the theatre ticket was like a magic key capable of unlocking the marvels of a fairy tale.

Jack Carter, once college-mate, and at present lawyer of precarious practice, had strolled into the store of Jacob Shewring that morning, tossed the delicate tissues about, stumbled over the rolls of fragrant matting, and threatened to fire an entire sheaf of Japanese fans with the tip of his flaming cigar, in order to accost sober Alfred behind the desk.

"How are you, old fellow? Always pegging away at the trade, eh? Here is a chance to vary the monotony of your days. I have brought you my ticket for the Oriental Theatre to-morrow evening. Oh, don't thank me! I am summoned to Chicago by telegraph to attend an important case, or I should not be so disinterested. It will be Madame Claude's opening night, you know."

Alfred had finished the entry he was making in his ledger, and wiped his pen carefully, before shaking hands with Jack. The latter had slipped the ticket into the palm of his friend in returning the pressure.

"You are kind to think of me," said the recipient, doubtfully.

"Tut, tut, man! what a fogy you are becoming, to be sure!" retorted Jack. "Shake yourself up a bit, and go to the theatre. The actress is one of the seven wonders of the world at present. It is astonishing how many new wonders are discovered every year. I suppose you know no more about her than the bats and the owls. Well, go and judge for yourself."

"I will," said Alfred, with swift decision.

Jack Carter placed his hat jauntily over one ear, laughed with that broad good-humor which often veils malice, especially when an idle man experiences a teasing impulse to thwart an industrious one, and strolled away again. At the threshold he paused and remarked, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "I say, Alfred, I used to think, in the old college days, you were destined to be a poet or a musician—anything besides a humdrum merchant."

"I believed you would gain the judges' bench at least, by this time," retorted Alfred, with some sharpness of tone.

The store of Jacob Shewring was situated on a dark and narrow street in the business quarter of New York, further obscured by the passage of an elevated railroad overhead. Jacob Shewring lighted the gas and held his ground, even in the face of this misfortune. It was eminently characteristic of the man to thus comport himself. A safe and sure merchant, in an age of rash speculation and vast enterprises, he did a small business on a spot selected by him forty years before, where he enjoyed a reputation for spotless integrity and much benevolence. The heart of Jacob Shewring was in his work, and his eye on everything. Alfred Hadlow, prospective son-in-law, would follow in his footsteps as his natural successor. The merchant clinked the loose coin in the pocket of his ample waistcoat when he reflected on these matters, and surveyed his kingdom complacently. Bronzes from Japan and enamels and porcelain from China lined the shelves; screens, rugs, cabinets, and gongs crowded the floor; silk and crape clung in soft folds to the walls; here and there a grotesque little god of jade or ivory laughed at the world from his shrine; while lanterns swayed from the ceiling like delicately tinted flowers on their stems. The atmosphere was redolent of Eastern perfumes; sandal-wood, amber, myrrh, and rose mingled with the scents of tea.

At half past five o'clock Jacob Shewring saw the shutters put up, the treasures of his stock carefully arranged, received the keys, and, accompanied by Alfred Hadlow, went home to the modest red brick house, where a cozy dinner awaited tired and hungry mankind. Mr. Shewring, with a large and snowy napkin protecting his waistcoat, expanded under genial domestic influences as he carved a round of juicy beef. Alfred Hadlow was unusually silent. Jane Shewring, a sedate and tranquil young woman of twenty-five, with black hair neatly smoothed on a small head, a colorless complexion, and thoughtful dark eyes, alone noticed the preoccupation of her lover.

"I suppose mother must have had a finger in this pie," quoth Mr. Shewring, playfully, when a crisp pastry was placed before him.

"What would father be without his joke?" retorted Mrs. Shewring, rubbing her plump hands together.

She was a plain and stout matron, the very embodiment of a comfortable housewife, to whom little children came instinctively, and the poor never appealed in vain.

The dinner concluded, Alfred sought the piano of the front parlor with Jane as entranced listener, while Mr. Shewring, in dressing-gown and slippers, read the newspaper aloud to his wife beside the table of the back room. Neither lady was idle. Mrs. Shewring knitted a stocking drowsily, and under Jane's clever fingers bits of pasteboard and canvas, reels of silk, together with a whole rainbow of wools, assumed all manner of graceful and fanciful shapes. Such was the sole luxury of Jane's life: to listen to Alfred's music of an evening, and make fancy trifles for charity bazars. She was more than happy: she felt herself to be amply blessed. The courtship of this pair had been unusually untroubled. Jane was always the same—kind, sympathetic, loyal. She was a woman in a thousand, as Alfred Hadlow frequently assured himself with profound gratitude.

The interior of the brick house was plain and prosaic. Two landscapes in oil, of doubtful merit, adorned the white walls, the carpet and curtains were red in tint, and warranted to wear in quality. The odor of dinner lingered in the narrow hall. Outside the window was a shallow balcony, protected by a rusty iron railing, and beyond was a street lamp. Such romance of wooing as could be extracted from an engagement of this type was associated with the balcony and summer evenings.

The following evening the Oriental Theatre was thronged from parquet to dome. Local chroniclers affirmed that such an audience had never been gathered together to greet a great actress, combining as it did beauty, wit, and fashion. Heads, flower-crowned, rose tier above tier to the most remote gallery, fans rustled and colors blended, while the gilded fretwork and rich arabesque of the theatre formed a fitting background. Such was the scene, illuminated by an immense central chandelier like a bouquet of jewels, which dazzled the eyes of Alfred Hadlow as he entered and took the seat assigned him. He had not returned home to dinner as usual, and he had not explained the nature of the engagement which kept him absent.

The story of the actress was on all lips. Every woman in the audience wished to see her, scan her attire, and judge if she were really as beautiful as reputed. All mankind prepared to admire, swayed by the powerful influences of rumor and a great European reputation. Madame Claude, in her triumphal progress, had reached the American shores prepared to win her harvest of golden dollars; but she came as a lady of the fashionable world, who had sought the stage to redeem the fallen fortunes of her family, and not as the wearer of some tarnished title of nobility, a song-bird escaped from Italian palace or Spanish hereditary castle. Might not any lady of the audience tread the same fascinating and perilous path before the foot-lights? Hence the interest of the fair spectators.

The curtain rose, and the play began. What was it, this play? Alfred Hadlow could never determine afterward. A modern drama enabled Madame Claude to move in her own sphere, now as a charming hostess, again as a brilliant guest, with such harmonious accessories as music, exquisite scenery, and cunningly devised effects of light, whether of moon or ball-room, revealing her loveliness in every phase. It was a flimsy thread of play at best, and devoid of those deep notes of passion which would have only revealed the heart-coldness of the actress, to whom Shakespeare was a sealed book.

To Alfred Hadlow the drama was the frame of a transcendent creature, and the mysterious space of stage a firmament where moved a planet such as he had never before beheld. The shell of daily routine fell away from him, and he felt himself also an ephemeral winged existence hovering in this radiant atmosphere of light and perfume. The luxurious and sensuous element of his nature awoke, expanded, sprang into full possession of the man from the moment Madame Claude advanced, with an easy gesture of salutation, and took up her rôle. Her words were so simple and natural, given with a musical utterance, her composure was so perfect even in trifles, that Alfred could not divest himself of a vivid impression that she was a great lady receiving him as a favored guest in one of those superb mansions of Fifth Avenue which he admired in his Sunday walks with Jane.

The actress wore a robe of gray cloth—a severe simplicity which was the height of art, for the narrow border of fur, of the same hue, and downy in texture, enhanced the fairness of throat and cheek, while the loose sleeves falling back revealed the incomparable symmetry of wrist and arm. Her golden hair was massed in a knot at the back of her small and shapely head. Her sole ornament was a diamond bracelet on one arm. A fresh murmur of interest, a new excitement, pervaded the ranks of spectators at the sight of this bracelet. Was not Madame Claude the most beautiful woman in the world—a true modern Venus? Had not a quaint mediæval German town held a tournament in honor of feminine charms, with the diamond bracelet as prize, and had not Madame Claude, in her gray gown bordered with gray fur, glided among the ranks of supple Hungarians, caressing Viennese, and brilliant Italians to win the badge, dazzling the gallant judges, even as the Lurlei maid once quitted her enchanted rock to lay the bishop and court at Mayence under her spell?

Alfred Hadlow looked and listened as if spellbound. He lost not a word, a gesture, a glance, from the moment of her entrance to the final scene where dancers whirled about to the dreamy pulsations of music, and the gorgeous effulgence of innumerable lights detached Madame Claude, a gracious vision in silvery white, enveloped in the folds of a lace dress, wrought for a dethroned sovereign, and with marabout feathers curling about her like mist. Then the curtain swept down once more on the wonder-land of the stage, and Alfred Hadlow went home in a dream.

II.

Alfred Hadlow had drank with thirsty lips from a sparkling chalice—the theatre. That magnet, Madame Claude, drew him again and again to hang entranced on her musical words, to devour her graceful form with the fervent homage of his regard as she moved amidst the harmony of magnificent stage scenery. Jane Shewring belonged to another world. If he thought of this sympathetic companion as sharing the intoxication he enjoyed, it was only to stifle the scarcely expressed wish. How incongruous would Jane have been amidst the fan flutter, the rustle, and sparkle of the Oriental Theatre! The actress having made that first impression in the simplicity of her début, was at liberty to launch into the full splendor of her répertoire.

Thus it happened a second theatre ticket found its way into Alfred's hand, not as the gift of his friend Jack Carter, but bought, somewhat rashly, of a speculator on the street. He had tasted of the rich strong wine of pleasure once; he had inhaled the opium fumes of self-forgetfulness in the larger sphere of the public spectacle, and what wonder if he longed to repeat the ecstasy? The theatre meant to him that goal of warmth, light, and recreation which the Pagliano is to the poor native copyist shivering through the day in the Florentine galleries, or the Odéon and the bouffes to a Parisian artisan. He went home to dinner, made excuses for his absence, and, hastening to his room, dressed with far more care than on the previous evening. On his way to the theatre he bought a pair of fresh kid gloves and a flower for his button-hole. Jane received his apologies with a smile, but soon after, pleading headache, retired to her own chamber.

The ticket bought of the speculator, at a high price, entitled Alfred to a place among a throng of fashionable men, gathered to honor Madame Claude with their bold and public admiration. Their gossip fell unheeded on Alfred's ear, until a neighbor remarked to a companion,

"I will take you to the greenroom now."

Alfred Hadlow rose to his feet as if moved by a spring, and followed the two gentlemen. Was he completely mad? Novel emotions carry shy and timid natures to great lengths sometimes. He gained the stage-door, and threaded the labyrinth of machinery until the greenroom opened before him, thronged with votaries about the central star, Madame Claude, in a robe of pale blue velvet sown thickly with sparkling stones, and faced with satin of a soft apricot tint. Her shoulders and arms were bare, and of a pearly whiteness; links of sapphires cast azure shadows on this dazzling skin. A golden spider, the body studded with gems, ornamented her hair. Nobody noticed Alfred, not even the party to whom he had attached himself. The public was aflame with enthusiasm, and, borne on the wave of popular demonstration, mere conventional barriers were swept away.

Alfred Hadlow touched the hand of Madame Claude, murmured his greeting in her ear tremulously and low, drank deep of the arch sweetness of her blue eyes, and basked for an ineffable moment in the light of her beauty. The actress smiled on him as on all the rest. What was the crowd to her save a cloud of moths scorching their wings in a candle? She gazed upon Alfred Hadlow with polite interest, and responded graciously to his words. Was it not her rôle to remember all faces, in event of requiring to again use a clever card, even as queens study the same diplomatic page to win popularity? The party of gentlemen again returned to their seats, and Alfred followed them. The play over, he sped home as if borne along by wings. A fever burned in his veins. How still and dark was the home of Jacob Shewring! How narrow and mean seemed the stairway! And Jane?

He entered his room, seated himself beside a table, and, supporting his chin on his hands, plunged his look into the depths of a mirror opposite. He saw a fine head covered with waving chestnut hair, a clean-cut face, somewhat narrow in outline and pale in hue, and a sensitive mouth. Alfred Hadlow thus beheld his own natural face in a glass without attempting to penetrate that mysterious shadow-land, the soul. An hour elapsed in this silent contemplation; then his cheek flushed, his lips smiled vaguely, and with the dreamy expression of a man who listens to a far-away echo of entrancing harmonies, he drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to write. The rhyme thus struck off was an ode to a star sometime descended to earth in guise of Madame Claude. He only sought his pillow toward dawn, and sleep came to him as a phase of delirium, in which he beheld the divinity of his waking thought ascending cloud heights, her azure draperies and jewels sending tremulous rays afar, as a planet is reflected in the limpid Mediterranean wave.

Next morning Mr. Shewring found Alfred diligent in his application at his desk. He was writing out his verses on a sheet of satin-smooth paper, held within his ledger, as a school-boy inscribes a doggerel for a mate under the master's eye. The poem finished, he signed his name. At the hour of luncheon Alfred hastened to a florist, instead of partaking of that meal as usual. Hot-house blossoms in a frosty month were costly, and the poet's slender purse bled for the cluster of creamy rose-buds he found all too unworthy of the acceptance of an actress. A yard of rich ribbon, wherewith to attach the envelope containing his verses, was further indispensable, and with the fragile gift carefully shielded from the bleak winter air by a fold of tissue-paper, he bent his steps toward the hotel of Madame Claude. A servant received the bouquet with a scarcely suppressed smirk; he had been carrying in similar offerings all the morning. Jane had never received more than a spring nosegay of violets from the realm of Flora; but she belonged to the everyday life.

Alfred Hadlow remained at home that evening, and as his fingers wandered over the piano keys an inspiration came to him, a ray of light pierced his brain. His hands drooped from the instrument, and he looked at Jane, seated quietly at her work. It seemed to him that she must read his wonderful secret in his eyes. He would write a play for Madame Claude.

Jane threaded her needle, and gave no sign of the heart-ache within her throbbing breast. Saints and martyrs in treading the fiery ploughshares of this world's trials sometimes deck bits of pasteboard with gay silks and wools beside the domestic hearth, instead of praying at way-side shrines, their crosses clasped to their breasts.

Alfred went to his room when the family retired for the night. Impatience to be alone consumed him. Oh, for a worthy form of outward expression in which to pour forth his soul! All his pulses beat in unison with the melody of his thoughts, and yet he had been so long dumb! Now in the stillness of midnight all his being became fused to mould the gold—or dross—of his work, like a sudden flame of previously pent-up fire.

He began his play with faltering pen and untrained eloquence enough, the author wholly untaught in the technical difficulties of the drama. Day and night he wrought, studied, pondered. He lived a double life. His Muse delighted in secrecy and subterfuge. On the surface he neglected no duty at the store, and spent the evening in the domestic circle of Jacob Shewring. In reality he sought libraries and book-stalls, and devoured old plays by stealth. The household asleep, he either stole forth like a thief to revel in the splendor of the Oriental Theatre for an hour, or worked on his play with fluctuations of hope and despair. The web once woven, he decked it with gay and sombre imagery; now erasing lines and parts with savage haste, and again heaping together words with a fluency which seemed nothing less than inspiration. Such as it was, Alfred Hadlow had put his very heart's blood in the task.

There came a gray dawn tinging the roofs of the town when the pen dropped from the poet's stiffened fingers: the play was finished.

III.

The voice of Madame Claude became audible.

"If it is a messenger from Hatter & Co., tell him I consent to have the new beaver bonnet named for me the Claude."

"But the gentleman does not come from Hatter & Co., madame. He is quite a different person."

"Ah! if it is the bootmaker, tell him the embroidered slipper is charming, and I shall be proud to christen it. By-the-bye, just deliver the same message concerning the new satin mantle, the reversible fan whip, and the laced bodice. I am going out on a four-in-hand coach. Bid these Americans attach my name to all the baubles of Vanity Fair, if it suits them. Assure them that their women are much prettier than I am, only do it nicely. They will not fail to swallow the bonbon, but mind they do not feel the hook inside it."

Alfred Hadlow stood in the waiting-room of Madame Claude's suite of apartments, his play tightly rolled in one hand, and this conversation was wafted to his unwilling ear from beyond a silk curtain. The words, distinct and hard as tiny ice pellets, made him cold. Do divinities converse thus of a morning? The voice paused suddenly, as if checked by a warning admonition, the curtain was swept aside, and the actress advanced toward him, a smiling, benignant lady. One of the Rubens portraits of the Louvre or the Dresden gallery, descending from the frame, could not be more transcendent in loveliness than was Madame Claude in the noonday. The sun smote golden sparkles from the hair of this modern Venus, shone on the ivory whiteness of brow and chin and throat, tingeing her cheek with a rosy fire, and made the whole more glorious by reason of intensity of light. She wore a quaint costume of dark green velvet, the sleeves slashed and puffed, the ruff of lace inclosing her neck, while a wide Cavalier hat, tufted with emerald plumes, shaded one temple, and was looped back on the other, revealing the meshes of a gold net which confined her abundant tresses. A chain of massive links, such as Cæsar Borgia once wore, was wound about her throat.

Alfred Hadlow forgot his carefully framed words in gazing at her. Madame Claude smiled her dimpling smile, full of infantile gayety and sweetness. She discerned the homage in the young man's eyes, and she enjoyed her triumph in the very fullness of life. She held all these mouthing, often stupid creatures in the rosy palm of her right hand, and she viewed them with a certain good-humored contempt. The courtesy with which she placed the intruder at his ease, and learned the object of his visit, was exquisite.

Alfred blessed this balm of womanly tact in his troubled heart, and presented his play. He was agitated, feverish, haggard; his dry lips occasionally refused their office of framing the words which choked him. Madame Claude listened with angelic patience and unruffled composure, even if the horses of her equipage were already prancing before the door to the delight of the street urchins.

The actress received the play, promised to read it, and give her decision if it was adapted to her poor abilities. She looked at her visitor meditatively, and then invited him to sup with her the following evening. "I shall be glad to add another poet to the number of my friends at table," she said, gently.

Alfred went away holding his head high. He already experienced the first triumph of success. He had gained an audience with the queen of his thought. He had not said all he intended to express, and yet he felt himself to be understood. Blissful certainty! His mood was gay and flighty until the next night, and when the house became silent at eleven o'clock, he glided out of the door. As well strive to hold quicksilver as to prevent his taking a place at the banquet of Madame Claude.

A gray figure emerged on the landing, and Jane watched the door close without attempting to detain her recreant lover, whose conduct was so completely shrouded in mystery. Ah! what spell had bewitched Alfred? She wrung her hands in an agony of pain, and descended the stairway to wander about the house like a phantom. Doubt, fear, and a mortal jealousy stabbed the heart of quiet Jane, hitherto so confident of her share of happiness in this world. What was the danger hanging over them? Who was her rival? Jane did not dare to cry out, even to confess her perplexity and distress to her parents. Was not the heaviest portion of the burden now resting on her shoulders to make excuses for Alfred, and to smooth away daily collisions otherwise inevitable? Jacob Shewring was a man of decided nature, and his daughter foresaw the day when his eye would kindle, and the sharpness of his indignation might banish Alfred Hadlow forever from her sight. This crisis could not be far distant.

The minutes slipped into half-hours, and Jane's dress swept the floor with a slight rustle as she paced the rooms uneasily. The young woman's patience might be heroic, yet curiosity added a keener pang to her unhappiness. What evil had befallen the man of her choice? Was she about to be smitten by some awful revelation? She pressed her forehead against the window-pane and waited while the leaden moments went by. She was waiting, and for what? She did not know. Listening to every foot-fall in the street with a strained attention, and equally apprehensive of confronting her aroused parents, Jane Shewring kept her lonely vigil, with a prayer on her lips.

The object of her solicitude was seated at a table loaded with silver and crystal, flowers and fruit. His place had been indicated by a card, with a gilded pen designed upon it, and his name inscribed beneath. Alfred flushed and paled as he read. Madame Claude was seen at the best advantage when presiding over a little supper, that true field of the actress, where delicate viands and wines circulated, with a flow of epigram and laughter, which, in her presence, never was permitted to degenerate into license. Madame Claude wore a pink-tinted satin, all garlanded with crushed roses. Pearls of milky lustre encircled her throat, and formed a crown on her blonde head. She was a rose of perfect beauty herself, softly alluring, coquettish, and brilliant by turns; the shimmer of her draperies and pearls was reflected in her cheeks and eyes, in the very depths of her dimples. These charms were shed with prodigality on her neighbor of the right hand. This neighbor was reputed to be an Austrian duke, travelling incognito, who wished to marry Madame Claude, and had followed her assiduously for a year. He was a tall, thin, elderly gentleman of dry aspect, with a bald spot on the top of his head, and urbane manners.

"Mr. Hadlow, the poet." Such was Alfred's introduction to the company, with an arch smile on the part of the hostess. "He has written an impossible play in my honor," she murmured to the Austrian behind her jewelled fan, and the nobleman elevated his eyebrows with a slightly satirical smile.

Why had she bidden Alfred Hadlow to this feast? Was it mere feminine caprice, or policy? As well question the wind in its errant course as this woman of the world. He found himself surrounded by artists, musicians, and actors. A dramatist waxed confidential over lobster salad and champagne. At the time when Jane Shewring pressed her brow against the window-pane, gazing blankly out into the darkness of night, Alfred Hadlow had risen to respond to the toast of poetry in this gay company, and whatever he said was received with a little ripple of encouraging applause.

At three o'clock in the morning he returned home, and confronted Jane on the landing, pale, in a gray gown, like a nun, with a candle in her hand. They looked at each other, and as an unwonted sternness crept into her white, set face, his eyes shifted and fell before her clear gaze.

"How will all this end?" she demanded, in a hollow whisper, and vanished before he could reply.

Alfred was aghast, and yet he caressed a guilty conscience with the thought that Jane would not blame him when she knew about his play written for Madame Claude. He must keep the secret until the actress confirmed his hopes by a favorable word. In the mean while his authorship hovered before his eyes like a cloud castle. Days passed before he ventured to seek a judgment. He watched letters in the hand of Jacob Shewring with a hungry gaze. Oh, if Madame Claude would write a line about his play! But Madame Claude did not write, or otherwise manifest her appreciation of the work. She had gone to charm the sister cities of Boston and Philadelphia.

The slow weeks which followed were a season of misery, reveries, doubts, and keen awakening to Alfred Hadlow. He maintained outward composure with the Shewrings by a painful effort, while he evaded all explanations with Jane, who grew thinner and paler each day. Suspense became intolerable. With night-fall despondency and disappointment plunged the poet in despair. He was like a child led into a realm of light only to be excluded in darkness afterward.

Ah! at last Madame Claude returned, and Alfred hastened to learn his fate from her lips. After some delay he was admitted to a small boudoir, where, in a half twilight formed by closely drawn curtains and great plants interlacing their tropical fronds above her head, Madame Claude reclined in an arm-chair. Her white peignoir was covered with waves of ivory-tinted lace fastened together with ruby buckles, while her slender feet, incased in white satin slippers, rested on a crimson cushion, which seemed placed there to receive the homage of some suppliant suitor. A table beside her held jewel cases, books, and flowers. Adoration dawned in the face of Alfred Hadlow as he looked at this charming creature, who was about to deal him a terrible blow; for cruelty might be read in her blue eyes, in the silvery tones of her voice, in the very coldness of her smile, as she returned the manuscript of his play. The drama possessed merit, and with some modifications might be rendered acceptable at a future date.

"Perhaps you will write me another some time," she added, graciously.

Alfred Hadlow caught at such a straw as a woman's smile. The eddy of lashing waters was already about his feet, the thunder of the cataract was in his ears, rash words leaped to his lips as he let himself drift on the tide. He never knew what he said. Madame Claude could discern danger signals in the eyes of mankind even without looking at them.

"Child, what should I do with your life's devotion?" she said, with a glance that placed a gulf between herself and her visitor. "Listen: if I wear these gems on my farewell night, it will signify that I consent to become a duchess, and retire from the stage."

As she spoke she raised the lid of the jewel case, and suffered the necklet of brilliants to slide through her fingers. She smiled, but she also signed. She had forgotten the existence of Alfred Hadlow, poet and dramatist, in some tender reverie of lost hope or awakened ambition. Blinded by this conviction, he groped his way out of her presence. When he reached the door he discovered he had forgotten his hat and cane, and returning for these articles to the hall, the words of Madame Claude again reached him:

"I am too soft-hearted with these tiresome authors. How much valuable time I waste on such people! Never admit that young man again."

Alfred Hadlow passed his hand across his brow like one awakening from heavy sleep, and left the hotel.

Once more the Oriental Theatre was thronged, and now to witness the final performance of Madame Claude. A man who could obtain only standing-room in an upper gallery bent forward eagerly as the actress advanced before the curtain at the close of the fifth act to make her pretty little farewell speech. A murmur of admiration burst from so undemonstrative a crowd as an American audience. The robe of amber silk and brocade was covered with a net-work of bugles which glittered like the chain-armor of an Amazon queen; bands of Etruscan gold encircled her arms, and confined her hair in a classical coiffure. These details of mere costume were lost, save as forming a harmonious whole, for she was one blaze of diamonds. The tiara, necklace, aigrettes, and bracelets of the Austrian duke sparkled like stars in the glow of the foot-lights and the luminous atmosphere of the theatre. As Alfred Hadlow, the man in the gallery, looked down, the splendor of the jewels dimmed for a moment the beauty of the woman, even as a planet crossing the sun's disk pales in contrast with the great central fire of the orb of day. Then she turned, bowed, and in the shadow of the great curtain the flame of the diamonds was quenched, while the loveliness of the wearer became once more triumphant.

Thus she passed on her way.

Alfred Hadlow went home. Jane Shewring, in her gray gown, candle in hand, met him on the landing with a grave, questioning look.

"Not to-night, Jane," he implored, hoarsely. "I will tell you all to-morrow."

He sat near the window of his chamber in the dark, and looked at the heavens, star-studded, until dawn. Then he burned his play in the fire.

The next evening tender confidences were exchanged in the front parlor, while Alfred held Jane's hand clasped in his own. She listened, spell-bound, bewildered, often pained, and yet with deep gratitude and peace welling up in her heart. Was not her rival a star, and already passing beyond the domestic firmament?

Mr. Jack Carter strolled into the store next morning, hat tilted over one ear, and cigar in mouth.

"Made my fortune by clearing my client at Chicago," he proclaimed. "I say, Alfred, old man, did you use the theatre ticket?"

"Yes," replied Alfred.

"You enjoyed seeing the peerless Claude at the Oriental?"

"No," said Alfred, slowly.

"No!" repeated Jack, in astonishment. "Such is human gratitude! What has become of your poetical soul?"

"I have burned it up, I hope," said Alfred, with a strange smile. "Will you come to my wedding next month, Jack?"

"With pleasure, only—"

"Well?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, my respectable friend."

Mr. Jack Carter lounged away again, ignorant that he had played the part of Mephistopheles. Alfred Hadlow was left at his desk, the open ledger before him. The lanterns swayed from the ceiling, and the little gods of jade and ivory laughed in their shrines of fragrant wood. All was as if the modern Venus had never come to dazzle and trouble obscure and happy lives with her radiance.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

HEREAFTER.

WHEN the day is done, my darling,
We can rest;
And that will not be long now, dear,
For in the west
The sun is sinking low, and clouds
Of gold and gray,
In strange weird shapes, like spirits, watch
The dying day.

Long hours ago, like some great flow'r
I watched it bud,
And slow unfold, until it threw
A quiv'ring flood
Of slender golden stamens from
Its glowing heart,
And one by one cloud petals grew
And fell apart.
Long hours ago! Oh, love, if I
Could feel and know
When life, this weary life, that's yet
Too swift to go,
Has passed away, that there would come
A time to rest
As perfect as this hour, that brings
All that is best
And noblest in our natures out,
How gladly I
Would leave the years to come, and rest
Content to die!
Around me, all around, I see
Those that I love,
Who look beyond this narrow life
To one above,
And gladly onward, upward press
With fearless heart,
While I— O God, for faith to choose
That better part!

Far, far above, one tiny star
Has shyly crept
Into Night's bosom, and the wind
That lately slept
Awakes again, and one wild prayer
Of longing grief
It bears above: "O God, help Thou
Mine unbelief!"

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE community has not been accustomed to look upon hackmen as meek and long-suffering creatures. In a row of hackmen in front of a railway station there is nothing suggestive of mute endurance of wrongs. When a hackman's right of way is disputed by a stage-driver, the hackman does not seem to give himself up to silent grief. Sorrow that knows no utterance is not depicted in the faces of the hackmen who are to be found around the entrances to Central Park. Yet, according to an association of hackmen of this city, the life of the public hackman is made miserable by bad men who defraud him of his rights, and make him stagger under the weight of offenses committed by them. The worm will turn at last; and at one of the meetings of this association the seal of silence was removed from the lips of the members, and bitter words were outpoured. When a passenger is overcharged, said one of the speakers, it is some driver of a livery-stable carriage who cheats him. They are not hackmen who go down to the docks where the steamers come in, and who charge from five dollars to twenty for carrying an inexperienced tourist to a hotel a mile away; they are wicked men, whom the hackmen do not know. Nor are they hackmen who wait with their carriages at the doors of the Academy on masquerade nights, and pick the pockets of fatigued masqueraders while assisting them into the vehicles, and pay the policemen in counterfeit silver dollars for helping them: these are sinful persons whose deeds make the hackman's heart heavy within him. And the wrong-doing of all these reprobate persons is charged to the hackmen. Let all considerate persons try to discriminate between the good hackman and the other fellow, and be kind to the hackman.

An evening newspaper of this city has printed an account of a circus performance which was given recently in Paris, France. The entertainment began with an aerial act by a young gentleman of Gotham, who "fairly took the house by storm by his grace, agility, and daring." In the course of the performance another young New-Yorker won deafening applause by his marvellous bare-back riding, and was presented with the crown of the Société d'Encouragement. One of the performers was Count Fritz Metternich, who contented himself with appearing on a handsome black horse, and executing the *haute école*, and a baron was ring-master. The combination will not come this way, as it was made up of amateurs who took to the sawdust for the fun of it, and gave the gate-money to a worthy town charity.

Shall the wife of the Secretary of State, or shall the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, stand next to the lady of the White House at receptions? The question, according to several writers in Washington, is discussed with considerable intensity of feeling by society at the capital. A prominent Senator, "whose judgment in matters of etiquette has never been disputed," is quoted as saying that it all depends on the fate of Senate bill No. 2. This measure provides that the members of the cabinet shall be eligible, in a certain order, to the office of acting President next after the President and Vice-President. It has yet to pass the House and receive the President's signature. If it becomes a law, says the Senator whose opinion is so highly valued, it will revolutionize official society in Washington; but until it does become a law "no one, not even the President, should reverse the code of etiquette by putting the cabinet above the Speaker and Senators on state occasions."

The London *World* says that at the funeral of the late Lord Grosvenor no paraphernalia of the undertaker's trade was to be seen. The coffin was of plain deal, an unornamented hearse conveyed it to the church, and on the next day the keepers on the estate carried it to its last resting-place, covered with wreaths and crosses of flowers. The funeral was in accordance with the recommendations of the Funeral Reform Association, and was "the more impressive by its intense simplicity."

An interesting question in connection with Mormonism is to be decided in a Georgia court. Two years ago a family in that State were converted to the Mormon faith. When the time arrived for them to set out for the West the mother had repented of her action, and she refused to go. She was left in Georgia, keeping her two-year-old child with her. The father became a Mormon preacher. Recently he returned to Georgia, demanded his wife's allegiance, and sought to get possession of the child through a writ of habeas corpus. The writ is resisted on the ground that by embracing Mormonism the father has demonstrated his unfitness to have control of the child.

At a recent meeting of the Thursday Evening Club, in Boston, Dr. Bowditch, of Harvard College, exhibited a series of magnified impressions made by the pressure of finger-tips belonging to different persons. It was shown that the finger-tips are as distinctive as the face, and that they change less than the face in a given period. Dr. Bowditch showed impressions made with his own fingers fifteen years ago, and they differed but little from those freshly made by him. It is suggested that if every family would preserve impressions of the finger-tips of its individuals they would be valuable for purposes of identification in the event of a disappearance and a subsequent dispute as to identity.

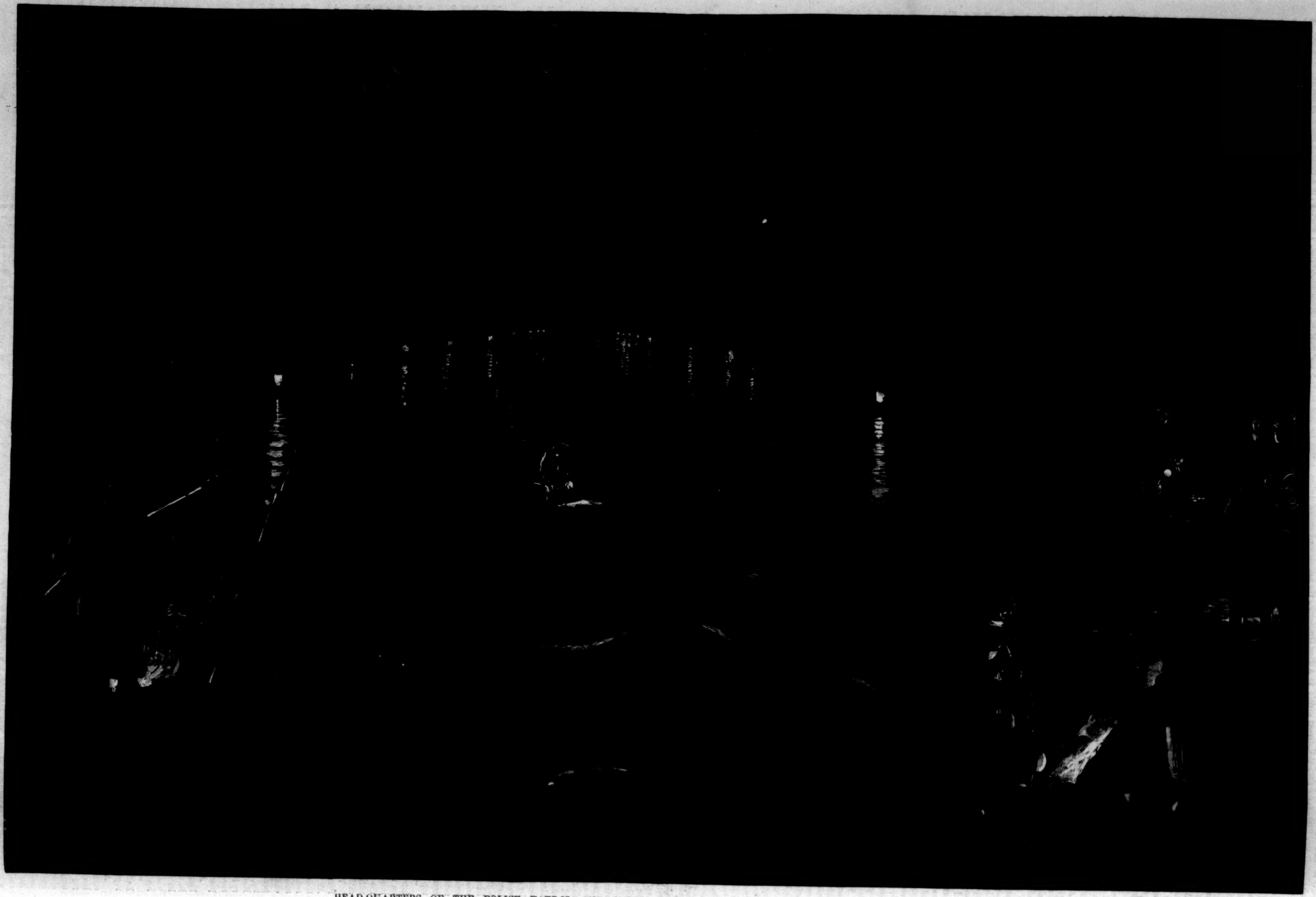
Electric lighting is to be tried on a rather grand scale in Washington. Fifteen electric lights will be placed on the dome of the Capitol, 360 feet from the ground, ten at a height of 410 feet, on the Washington Monument, and five 150 feet in the air on the tower of the Smithsonian Institution. A large reflector on the Monument will throw a flood of light toward the White House. In Cincinnati, where the gas supply failed by reason of the flood, the electric light was used as a substitute in the theatres. While the arc light is not pleasant to the eye when used in-doors, it has the advantage of being easily and quickly brought into requisition. The pleasanter incandescent light requires almost as much time and labor as gas for its introduction to a building.

"Our churches are all under water," telegraphs the Mayor of Portsmouth, Ohio. The Baptists should be qualified to take the lead in this emergency.

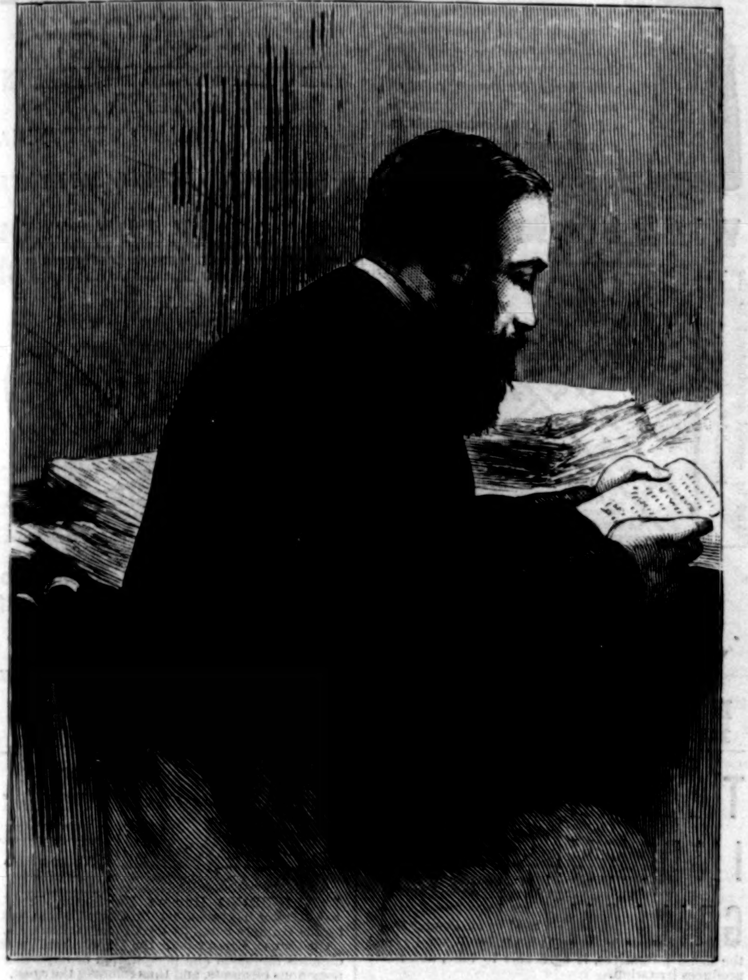
A survey has just been made in the interest of the Palestine Canal Syndicate, and the engineer regards it as not improbable that within a few years the cry of "Low bridge!" will be heard from the gulf of Akaba to the valley of the Jordan.

In the region around Social Circles, a Georgia town, on a recent Saturday evening, a man was dealt a murderous blow from behind while he was sitting at his own fireside, one of his neighbors was mortally shot, and another was killed while acting as a peace-maker. Six men are to be tried for murder at the next session of the court. It looks as though there would be several vacancies in that Social Circle which nobody will be anxious to fill.

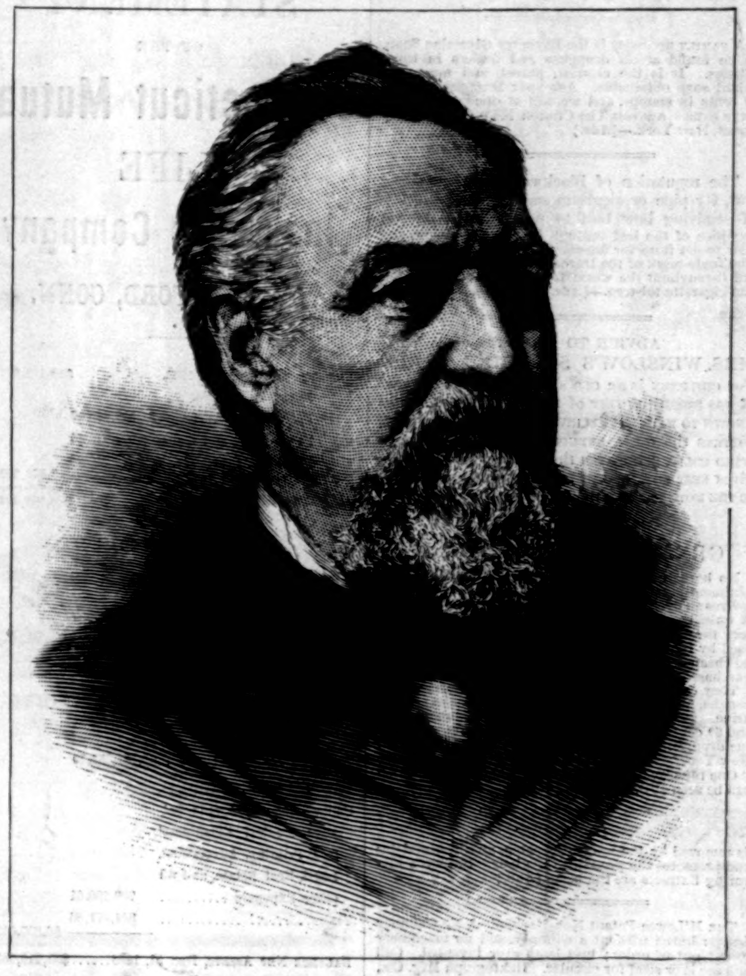
In the not very remote future the matter of rapid transit in this city will afford topics of exceeding interest to owners of real estate. A Commission, acting mainly under the rapid transit act of the Legislature of 1875, devoted thirty days, beginning in December last, to the question whether additional rapid transit facilities are needed. Having come to an affirmative decision, the Commission gave thirty days more to considering and adopting routes. The next—that is, the current—thirty days are to be devoted to settling upon the nature of the roads and the character of the motive power. Then the Commission is to have another thirty days in which to organize a company which shall have the right to construct, equip, and operate rapid transit lines on the routes adopted. A map of the city, with the proposed new roads lined off in black, resembles somewhat a drawing of a gridiron. Not every one of the routes will be valuable, but some of them will so strongly recommend themselves that —provided legal obstacles to building and working the lines are removed—there will be no trouble in getting the necessary capital. Indeed, some of them will be considered worth fighting for, even in an expensive way: and the litigation or legislation, or both, that may be looked for will prove a matter of interest to New-Yorkers generally.



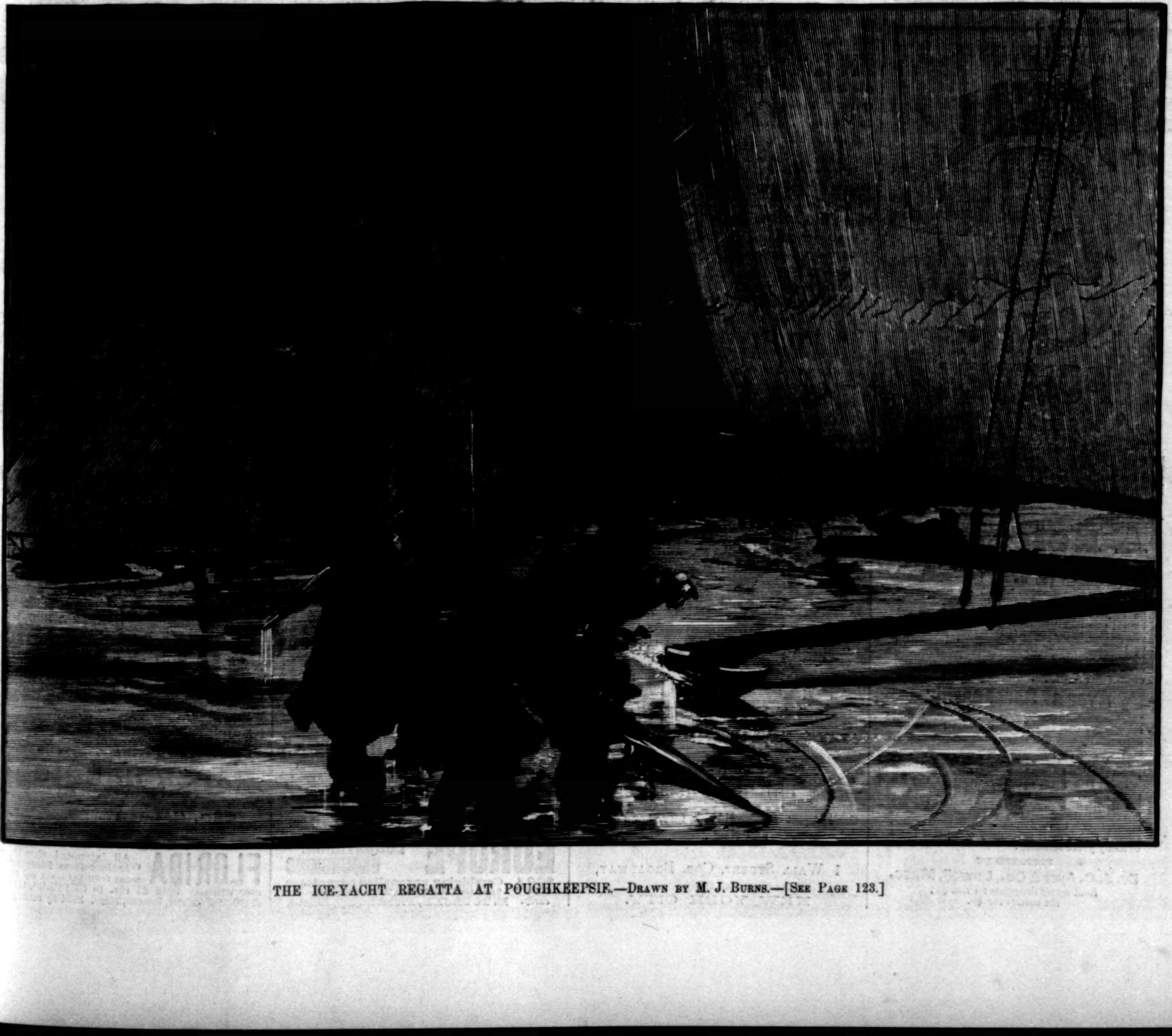
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE POLICE PATROL AND RELIEF BOATS, CINCINNATI.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 123.]



THOMAS CHENERY, LATE EDITOR OF THE LONDON "TIMES."—[See Page 119.]



THE LATE THOMAS KINSELLA.—Photographed by Alva Pearsall.—[See Page 119.]



THE ICE-YACHT REGATTA AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 123.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

AS AN APPETIZER.

Dr. Morris Gibbs, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and a good appetizer."—[*Adv.*]

A family necessity is the Bayberry Glycerine Soap, to be found at all druggists and dealers in toilet articles. It is the clearest, purest, and most luxuriant soap obtainable. Ask your Druggist, or send 20 cents in stamps, and we will at once send you a large cake. Address The Clinton M'f'g Co., 20 Vesey Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

The reputation of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, for pipe or cigarette smoking, is the result of studying how best to preserve the natural qualities of the leaf through its curative stages, and how to get it up for the smoker in its daintiest form. The trade-mark of the Durham Bull is now the standard throughout the world for the very best smoking and cigarette tobacco.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

For children is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many years, and never known to fail. It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, gives rest and health to the child, and comfort to the mother. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GREAT HORSE MEDICINE.

No horse need die of colic if Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A single dose revives an overheated horse and puts new life into him. It quickly cures galls, sprains, old sores, scratches, sore throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent.

They cure distemper, loss of appetite, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, give a fine coat, and cleanse the urine. 25 cents per box. The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle; the Horse, 90 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray Street, New York.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen can be seen at the Depot.—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best—[*Adv.*]

The M'Lewee Patent Non-Mechanical, No-Chimney Lamp: burns without a chimney, and no machinery to get out of order; best lamp ever invented. Call and see it or send for circular. Hektograph Mfg. Co., 22 and 24 Church St., New York.—[*Adv.*]

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a sure remedy for Bronchitis and Hoarseness.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

A Neighbor

In your own community, wherever you are, can tell you—if you do not happen to know them yourself—of cases within his knowledge demonstrating that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is an ever reliable and thorough purifier of the blood: one that will eradicate from the system every atom of the taint of Scrofulous, Mercurial, or Contagious Diseases; enrich impoverished blood; strengthen enfeebled vital organs; invigorate and build up the system, as is in the power of no other medicine.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has been nearly forty years standing the test of the world's use, and the best proofs that it has successfully met the requirements upon it are, that

Leading physicians endorse it as the best blood purifier known;

There is a great annual increase in the demand for it;

Voluntary testimonials as to its efficacy are constantly offered in great numbers, by persons whom it has cured of diseases born of corrupted blood, even hereditary ones, and those of many years standing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists: Price $1;
six bottles for $5.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL

STATEMENT

OF THE

Connecticut Mutual LIFE Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Net Assets, January 1, 1883.			$50,172,371.91
Received in 1883.			
For Premiums		$4,829,098.07	
For Interest and Rents.		2,793,912.45	
Profit and Loss		247,212.35	7,870,222.87
			$58,042,594.78

DISBURSED IN 1883.

To Policy-holders:			
For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,812,977.32		
Surplus returned to policy-holders.	1,189,696.54		
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies.	779,177.93		
Total to Policy-holders		$5,781,851.79	
Expenses:			
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses		700,290.61	
Taxes		344,871.06	$6,827,013.46
Balance Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1883			$51,215,581.32

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien		$24,049,620.50
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds		465,284.41
Premium notes on Policies in force		2,849,266.50
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Comp'y.		12,101,213.36
Cost of United States Registered Bonds		99,125.00
Cost of State Bonds		19,900.00
Cost of City Bonds		1,762,873.69
Cost of other Bonds		8,752,201.89
Cost of Bank Stock		122,761.00
Cost of Railroad Stock		26,000.00
Cash in Bank		964,748.34
Balance due from agents		2,586.63
		$51,215,581.32
Add		
Interest due and accrued	$1,029,792.71	
Rents accrued	16,493.54	
Market value of stocks and Bonds over cost	259,037.11	
Net Premiums in course of collection, None		
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums	50,196.78	$1,355,520.14
Gross Assets, December 31, 1883		$52,571,101.46
Liabilities:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. interest	$47,766,413.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on policies issued since April 1, 1882	37,980.06	
All other liabilities	740,431.99	$48,544,824.99
Surplus by Company's Standard		$4,026,276.47
Surplus by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent		4,064,256.47
Surplus by N.Y. Standard, 4½ per cent., over.		7,000,000.00

Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1883	8.9 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1883, 63,595 insuring	$155,433,409.00

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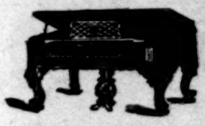

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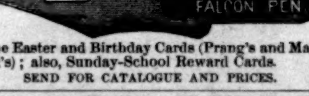

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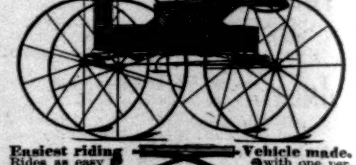

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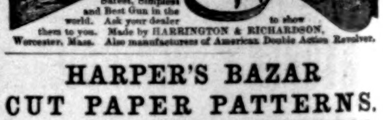

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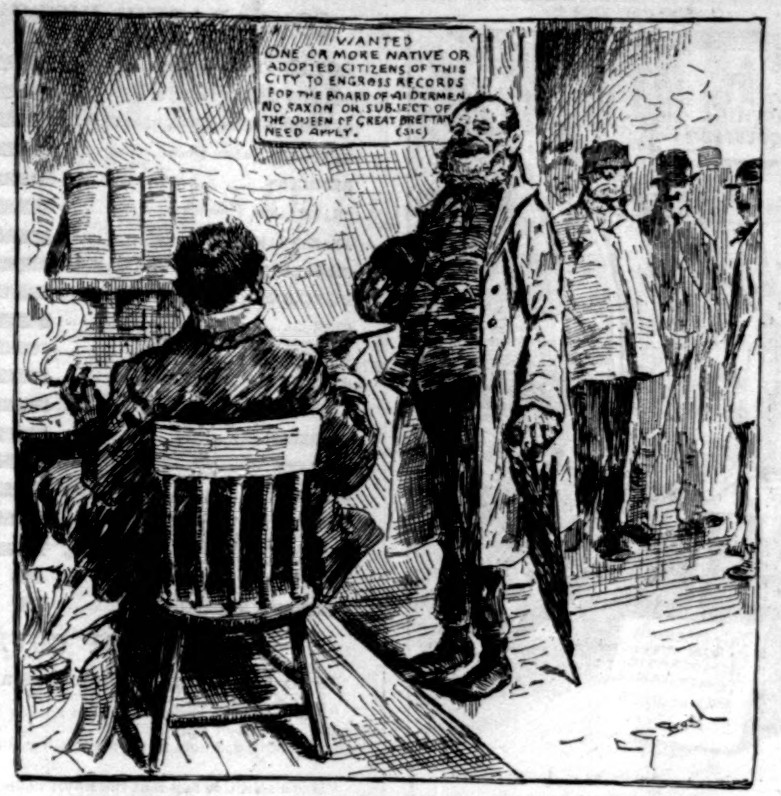
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